

FORTY SELECT
P O E M S
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
B Y
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of H*****N.

To which is added,
The Duke of ARGYLE'S LEVEE:

A P O E M,
Written by the late Lord BINNING, and
spoken by Colonel CHARTRES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:
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T A L E X X I .

The SQUIRE.

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NOT long ago, in Lincolnshire,
There dwelt a rich, but arrant squire,
Who only lov'd a country life,
And with all foxes was at strife ;
Nor could a single hare have peace,
The squire so much admir'd the chace :
And it was still his worship's way
To wind his horn at break of day :
The huntsman answer'd note for note,
And ev'ry beagle strain'd his throat,

VOL. II.

A

From

From ROUSER down to little LADY,
Impatient till the squire was ready ;
Who dress'd as fast as he was able,
Then call'd the butler to the stable ;

And said, Pray, HARRY, have a care
That we this day have noble fare ;
The hunting club must dine with me,
Some twenty-two or twenty-three :
Let's have enough, be sure of that,
I know the brindl'd ox was fat ;
Roast you a surloin, boil a rump ;
— My geese and turkeys all are plump,
And if I am not much mistaken,
You still may get us beans and bacon :
The mutton now is very good,
Pray roast a shoulder in the blood :
My sucking pigs are in their prime,
Stuff them with spearmint, chives, and thyme ;
Make draw the ponds, and get a dish
Of carp and tench, and other fish.

But,

But, pox confound me for a sot,
 The venifon I had forgot,
 Which seems to me exceeding odd ;
 Give us a pasty deep and broad,
 And see the crust be season'd high,
 'Twill make my honest neighbours dry ;
 And still the more my neighbours drink,
 The more they'll of thy master think.
 My pork is good, and strong my beer.
 Pray, HARRY, let no want appear,
 You know they come but thrice a year. }

But now I fear lest I be late ;
 Come, ROGER, bring me CREEPING KATE,
 Let RICHARD ride on WANTON WILLY,
 And TOM upon the Yorkshire filly ;
 Let huntsman DICK, and little SLOAN,
 Ride on old CRAB, and trusty ROAN :
 And, mounted thus, I might defy
 The king (God blefs him) was he by ;
 For 'tis well known I never wait
 The opening of a five bar gate ;

But jump the gate, the hedge, or ditch,
 Nor give a sixpence which is which.
 Pray, HARRY, see that all be ready.
 Hoist RULER, ROVER, bony LADY !

Away he rode, the day was fair ;
 They only meant to chace a hare,
 But riding near some bushy rocks,
 The squire rous'd up a swinging fox :
 He hoop'd the dogs, they got a view,
 The hunters eagerly pursue ;
 Tho' over hill and dale they ran,
 The squire was still the foremost man.
 He stop'd at nothing in his way,
 But follow'd close the stinking prey.
 He saw his neighbours far behind,
 This fill'd with joy his booby mind ;
 Their laziness he did dispise,
 While triumph sparkled in his eyes.
 Then to his mare his speech address'd,
 Ah ! Kate, of hunters far the best,

What

What honour have we got this day ?
There JOWLER, TICKLER, there the way :
See, KATE, our dogs are foremost too,
A joyful fight—a view, a view !

Kate seem'd to know her master's mind,
And left the very dogs behind :
And riding up, they turn'd the fox,
When he had almost reach'd the rocks.
Never was heard a sweeter sound,
The squire cheer'd up each breathless hound, }
And eccho answer'd all around.

Poor REYNARD saw the dogs appear,
And knew his death was drawing near,
Yet shed not one unmanly tear ;
And, tho' all hopes of life were past,
Resolv'd to fight it to the last.
The dogs came up, and stately TOPER,
A hound the squire had got from ROPER,
Went boldly in ; but REYNARD rose,
And bit the fav'rite by the nose ;

His

What

His howling cries declare his smart,
And pierc'd his master to the heart.

LADY came in to help her brother,
Her fire the same, the same her mother ;
But REYNARD let the dog escape,
And, never minding LADY's shape,
Scratch'd all her face, and tore her ear,
That to this day the scars appear ;
Poor LADY fill'd the air with cries,
And tears run from her master's eyes ;
He saw his dearest friends in pain,
And curs'd, but curses were in vain.

But ROUSER, tho' his teeth were gone,
And useless now to gnaw a bone,
Came angry up to her assistance,
And shew'd the folly of resistance ;
For by the reins he seiz'd the fox,
(That murderer of hens and cocks)
And, throwing him upon his back,
Made every nerve and sinew crack.

While

While REYNARD thus expiring lay,
 The dastard hounds, that stood at bay,
 Now valiantly rush on the prey;
 The danger o'er, then all grow stout;
 And tofs and draw the fox about.

Thus have I often seen of late
 A haughty minister of state
 With insolence bear all before him,
 While sycophants and knaves adore him,
 Till one, aspiring to be greater,
 Impeach the statesman for a traitor:
 A while he makes a brave defence,
 Insisting on his innocence;
 But when they make a home attack,
 And once have thrown him on his back,
 The little yelping curs come in,
 And tear and strip him to the skin.

But, laying similes aside,
 The happy squire did homeward ride,

The

The stinking vermin at his belt ;
How pow'rfully the booby smelt !

With grief he view'd poor LADY's ears ;
And TOPER's bloody nose with tears :
His heart was sore to see their pain,
But hoping they'd be well again,
And having honour got that day,
Rode cheerfully upon the way,
Till meeting with the hunting crew,
He from his side dead REYNARD threw ;
His eyes their laziness upbraid,
And to them thus insulting said :

See what I've got by being keen ;
Such sport I'm sure was never seen.
Then half an hour in nonsense spent,
To tell the way that REYNARD went ;
And brought his story to a close,
By shewing TOPER's bloody nose.
While thus the squire rehears'd the chace,
Envy appear'd in ev'ry face ;

They

They grinn'd at KATE that run so fast,
 And curs'd the squire himself at last ;
 But he, ne'er angry at the matter,
 Declar'd that CROP still gallop'd better,
 And leap'd o'er all came in his way,
 As he could shew them any day ;
 But now he by his stomach knew
 That it was drawing near to two.
 Come, let's away to Booby-Hall,
 We'll get enough to serve us all.

They went, and had a plenteous meal ;
 But it would quite debase my tale,
 Should I repeat their rustic sayings,
 Or mirth more loud than asses brayings ;
 But, after four hours past at dinner,
 The company grew something thinner,
 For all went off but eight or nine,
 Who meant to sup as well as dine.

The squire, who lov'd to tofs the cann,
 Now thought himself a happy man :

He kiss'd his friends, and rung for HALL,
 And bid him go to cook-maid MALL,
 And, as she hopes to be a bride,
 Tell her this moment to provide
 A supper that is good and right,
 To please the taste as well as sight:
 Mean time he drove the glass about ;
 Some swallow'd Port and others Stout,
 And gravely all their stories told,
 And feats of hunting new and old.

Then a young knight, an artful man,
 To talk of womankind began ;
 But first a bawdy catch he sung.
 My friends, said he, you all are young,
 And in the chace your time employ ;
 But, if ye once wou'd taste the joy,
 The rapture, and the vast delight,
 That women can afford at night,
 You soon wou'd slight this toilsome life,
 And each of you wou'd take a wife ;

If

[11]

If you wou'd only take the leisure,
To think upon the nightly pleasure
That it wou'd be, when, after sport,
You weary to your homes resort,
To find a young and handsome lady,
That's ever willing, ever ready,
To fold you in her snowy arms,
And let you taste much sweeter charms
Than e'er you dream'd of in your life :
O the dear comfort of a wife !

The squire who had at London been,
And had the toasts and beauties seen,
Burst out a laughing at the tale,
And said, May thunder sour my ale,
If I wou'd give a truss of straw
For any woman e'er I saw.

At London, for I have been there,
I saw a woman they call'd fair,
But, when compar'd with little TIPSy,
The London lady is a gypsy ;

And

And may I never want the itch,
If I'd not sooner kifs that bitch
Than any woman e'er I knew :
Believe me, friends, I tell you true.

The knight reply'd, 'Tis very well ;
Strange stories of yourself you tell ;
But pray, good squire, have ever you
With womankind had aught to do ?

Not I, good faith, reply'd the squire,
Nor ever had the least desire,
Nor did I e'er my mind perplex
To know the diff'rence of the sex.
My cook-maid brews me ale and beer,
Can roast, and boil, and make good cheer ;
My maids can wash and darn my linen,
While others are employ'd in spinning ;
I have a dairy-maid beside,
Who Sunday next will be a bride ;
Farther than that, upon my life,
I nothing know of maid or wife ;

But

But I have talk'd with those that had,
Who swore they all were bitter bad.

They told you so ! the knight reply'd :
Believe me, squire, the villains ly'd,
As you will own, if you but try
A maid I'll shew you by and by,
With whom I meant to pass the night ;
The girl is handsome, young and tight :
Ah, friend ! if you but knew the pleasure,
You'd dote upon it out of measure ;
No more you'd on fox-hunting think,
Nay, for a woman, leave your drink.

At this the booby shook his head,
And, smiling, said, 'Od strike me dead
If I believe that I shall find
Such mighty joys in womankind
As what you speak of ! Let me die,
Did I with twenty women ly,
If I shou'd like Miss JANE or JOAN,
By half so well as CROP or ROAN.

Yet

Yet faith, my friend, I can't deny
 But that I have a mind to try,
 And, if what you have said is true,
 I'll own myself oblig'd to you :
 But you must put me on a way
 To get a girl that's frank and gay,
 Who will no scruple make to shew
 A learner what he ought to do.

The knight on this grew wond'rous merry,
 And, smiling, said, You've seen young CHERRY,
 The daughter of the parish-clerk,
 This night she'll meet me in the dark.
 There's not a lass in Lincolnshire
 Has half her beauty, half her fire,
 Black ey'd and wanton, young and fair ;
 I'm sure she'll fit you to a hair :
 I'll try to fetch her to your bed,
 She well deserves your maidenhead.
 Such is the love I bear to you,
 That this, or any thing I'll do,

That

That can afford you any pleasure,
 For, faith, I love you out of measure.
 When CHERRY comes, I'll to her go,
 And let the little charmer know,
 That I desire, that she this night,
 May entertain you with delight;
 She shall consent, and you will find
 What joys are found in womenkind.

The squire was overjoy'd at this,
 And gave the knight a hearty kiss.
 The pimp went out to meet the punk ;
 The supper came, the squires got drunk,
 With Bar-a-bar, and old October ;
 Our squire alone continu'd sober,
 For on this new adventure thinking
 Had ta'en away the thoughts of drinking.

Mean time his friend, the pimping spark,
 Had met the daughter of the clerk,
 To whom he all the story told.
 CHERRY at first began to scold ;

But

But when he argu'd on the matter,
She came to like the project better.

CHERRY, said he, there's none can tell
But what we've done may make you swell ;
If so, my dear, had you not rather
Choose for your child a richer father ?
For tho' I am a knight, yet he
Has greater wealth by far than me,
And may maintain both it and you.
Good faith, said CHERRY, that is true,
And I shall do what you desire ;
But, e're you bring me to the squire,
I beg, sweet Sir, (and here she stopp'd,
And a low country court'fy dropp'd)
You'd mind the cause that brought me here.
No doubt of that, said he, my dear.

Then, kissing the kind-hearted lass,
Did lay her gently on the grass,
And there so well young CHERRY pleas'd,
That she confels'd her heart was eas'd ;

And,

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And, springing up when all was over,
Begg'd he wou'd lead her to her lover.

He told her, as they walk'd along,
That tho' the squire was young and strong,
Had store of health, was never ill,
Yet that he was a virgin still,
And begg'd that she wou'd play her part.
She, laughing, said, With all my heart.
A virgin-squire ! I'm glad of that,
I soon shall teach him what is what.
That's all I ask, reply'd the knight ;
And I'll go see if all be right.

Away he went, in haste came back.
The squire, said he, is on the rack,
Has made his bed in his best room,
And has this half hour burnt perfume ;
Dress'd in his night-gown, and in linen
He swears is of his grannam's spinning.
The guests and servants are asleep,
And in the house such snoring keep,

A

A drum can't wake them : let's away,
 You must not make his worship stay.
 Then leading CHERRY to the squire,
 Her beauty set his soul on fire.
 Dear knight, he cry'd, what charms are there?
 Confound me but she's very fair !
 Dare I adventure on a kiss ?
 Think you she will take it amiss ?

Amis! said CHERRY ; not at all ;
 What brought me here to BOOBY-HALL ?
 I mean to ly with you all night,
 And to instruct you in delight.

By th' mas! said he, 'tis kindly said,
 And, blushing, kiss'd the wanton maid.
 CHERRY repays the kiss, and slips
 Her tongue betwixt his worship's lips.
 This to the squire was wholly new.
 Dear knight, he cry'd, you've told me true ;
 I never felt the like of this,
 Can there be yet a greater bliss?

Yes,

Yes, to be sure, reply'd the knight,
And you shall know it all to-night.
Come, CHERRY, my dear wanton elf,
Come quickly and undress yourself.
The girl was in a merry mood,
And in a moment naked stood.
The squire, all trembling and amaz'd,
Upon the wanton harlot gaz'd :
But soon the knight the sheets laid down,
And made the squire throw off his gown ;
Then said, To bed. They both obey ;
But yet the squire at distance lay,
Till CHERRY, turning to the knight,
Tipp'd him the wink, and said, Good-night ;
'Tis now high time that you retire,
And leave me with the modest squire.

The knight withdrew, the candles burn'd,
When CHERRY to the booby turn'd ;
And, not designing to be nice,
Down went the bed-clothes in a trice :

She

She shew'd her shapes. The gazing squire
 Was overcome with strong desire :
 A fever seiz'd on ev'ry part,
 The blood went mantling to his heart,
 His bosom heav'd, his eyes grew dim,
 And quiv'ring nerves shook ev'ry limb ;
 While CHERRY, who his transports saw,
 Did nearer to his worship draw ;
 Nature she saw had done her part,
 The booby only wanted art ;
 And, fearing he'd let go his fire,
 She twin'd her arms about the squire,
 And, turning him upon her breast,
 She made him—you may guess the rest.

Quite ravish'd with th' ecstatic blessing,
 Unutterable, past expressing,
 The happy squire transported lay,
 And breath'd in sighs his soul away ;
 But coming to himself at last,
 And thinking on the pleasure past,
 He laid all bashfulness aside,
 And warmly hugg'd his loving guide :

No

No longer trembling, nor afraid,
 He view'd with joy the panting maid ;
 He saw her lovely bosom bare,
 Her strawberry nipples made him stare :
 But as he thus her beauties ey'd,
 CHERRY all farther fight deny'd,
 And, giving him a dove-like kiss,
 Provok'd him to renew the bliss.
 Such dove-like kisses never fail
 To raise the spirits of the male ;
 For lips to lips, and tongue to tongue,
 Will make a man of sixty young :
 No wonder then our youthful squire
 With such a kiss was set a-fire,
 That, without any more delay,
 He vi'grously renew'd the play.

This rapture far excell'd the first,
 And only did increase his thirst.
 CHERRY was pleas'd with what he did,
 Nor from him any secret hid :

The

The squire now lower turn'd his eyes,
 And view'd her belly with surprise ;
 It was so round, so smooth, so white,
 That, overcome with new delight,
 He needed now no dove-like kifs
 To prompt him on to farther blifs.

This joy excell'd the other two,
 And ev'ry kifs still sweeter grew,
 That now he meant to please his sight,
 And view the seat of soft delight.

CHERRY, who was content that he
 Shou'd ev'ry thing about her see,
 Without a blush upon her face,
 Pull'd up her smock, and shew'd the place ;
 But, when he saw it look'd so grim,
 A trembling seiz'd on ev'ry limb :
 Alas ! he cry'd, What's that I see ?
 I am bewitch'd, it cannot be :
 Have you, said he, no other toy ?
 For that cou'd never give me joy.

No,

No, faith, reply'd the laughing dame,
 I have no play-thing but the same ;
 But, if, my dear, you think I lie,
 'Tis only getting up to try.
 Yes, marry will I, said the squire,
 I find I am again a-fire ;
 Then laying her fair legs aside,
 No more wou'd trust it with a guide ;
 For it seem'd very strange to him,
 A thing so hairy, and so grim,
 And what might stoutest hearts affright,
 Shou'd yield such pleasure and delight.

Kind CHERRY let him take his way,
 And wou'd not interrupt his play,
 But, soon as he had hit the place,
 Inclos'd him in a strict embrace.
 Her pliant limbs were round him twin'd ;
 And, while in amorous folds confin'd,
 His eyes and lips with fervour kiss'd,
 And almost made him more than blest'd,
While

While in his mouth her nimble tongue
 To love the last alarum rung ;
 The joyous summons both obey,
 And in soft raptures melt away.

Of speech and breath at once depriv'd
 They lay when their kind pimp arriv'd ;
 Who, by their looks, perceiv'd that they
 His coming curs'd, and that of day.
 Good squire, said he, I hope you're merry,
 What think you of your little CHERRY ?
 Have I told lies, or spoke the truth ?
 By Jove, reply'd the panting youth,
 No tongue can speak, no pen can write
 The pleasure, and the vast delight,
 I have enjoy'd this happy night ;
 I ne'er can weary of this sport,
 And think the night has been too short :
 Indeed, my friend, you're come too soon,
 Would it had not been day till noon ;
 'Tis true I have not shut my eyes,
 But sleep's a trifle I despise,
 Nor can I let dear CHERRY rise.

Ah

Ah friend ! can we not find a way
 To keep the charmer all the day ?
 I scorn my hounds, despise the chace,
 While thus the fair one I embrace.
 The fields no more can give delight.
 'Tis very well, reply'd the knight.
 I told you, if you'd try the blifs,
 You wou'd no more the beagles kifs ;
 And now you see I've told you true :
 But what shall we with CHERRY do ?
 If she consents to stay with you,
 Your friends and servants all will stare.
 For that, said he, I do not care,
 Since I can order matters so,
 They never shall the secret know.

Yet why shou'd I my pleasure steal ?
 Or be at trouble to conceal
 The rapture, and the vast delight
 That CHERRY gives me in the night ?
 My servants cheerfully obey,
 And shall to CHERRY homage pay.

Tell me, dear child, do you agree
To stay for good and all with me?

She hugg'd him close, and stop'd his breath,
Then said, My dear, I'll stay till death;
And to the knight said, with a smile,
I beg your absence for a while.

The pimping knight on that withdrew,
And stay'd away an hour or two;
When he was gone, she kiss'd the squire,
And fondly said, If you desire
To keep me here, I'll gladly stay,
And serve you both by night and day
In ev'ry thing, and ev'ry way:
I'll stitch, and sing, while it is light,
And to your bed dance ev'ry night;
New joys I shall each hour afford,
And wanton be at bed and board.
Last night, when to your bed I came,
You was a novice at the game;

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I've taught you now a little skill,
 But I have more to teach you still.
 Ly thus, dear Sir, I'll get above,
 And teach you a new feat of love ;
 When I have got you once below me,
 Kick as you will, you shall not throw me ;
 For tho' I ne'er a hunting rid,
 I'll sit as fast as if I did,
 Nor do I any stirrup need
 To help me up upon my steed.

This said, her legs she open'd wide,
 And on her lover got astride,
 And, being in her saddle plac'd,
 Most lovingly the squire embrac'd,
 Who view'd the wanton fair with wonder,
 And smil'd to see her keep him under ;
 While she, to shew she wou'd not tire,
 Spurr'd like a fury on the squire,
 And tho' she ne'er had rid in France,
 She made him caper, curvet, dance,
 Till both of them fell in a trance.

B 2

'Twas

'Twas long ere either did recover:
 'At last she kiss'd her panting lover,
 And, sweetly smiling in his face,
 Ask'd at him how he lik'd that chace ?
 He scarce cou'd speak, his breath was short,
 But sobbing, answer'd, Noble sport ;
 I'd give the best horse in my stable,
 That either you or I were able
 To ride another, for I own
 There never was such pastime known.

This answer pleas'd the frolic maid ;
 She suck'd his breast, and, laughing, said,
 If you, good Sir, resolve to try
 Another gallop, here am I,
 Ready to answer your desire,
 Nor will you find me apt to tire
 In such a chace : I'll lay a crown,
 Start you the game, I'll run it down.

The squire o'erjoy'd at what she said,
 Hugg'd to his breast the sprightly maid;

For

For he was young, and full of vigour,
 And CHERRY was a lovely figure,
 Was ever cheerful, brisk and gay,
 And had a most enticing way.
 She kiss'd his eyes, she bit his breast,
 Nor did her nimble fingers rest,
 Till he had all his toil forgot,
 And found his blood was boiling hot ;
 While CHERRY (who was in her prime,
 And knew and always nick'd her time)
 Bestrid the am'rous squire once more,
 And gallop'd faster than before ;
 Fearing the knight might interrupt her,
 She toss'd and twirl'd upon her crupper ;
 Nor did she let her tongue ly idle,
 But thrust it in by way of bridle,
 And, giving him a close embrace,
 Did finish the delightful chace.

The knight came in, and found them lying
 Quite breathless, speechless, fainting, dying,
 Depriv'd

Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of sight,
 Absorb'd in excess of delight.
 Dear squire, he said, get up, for shame,
 Are you not weary'd with that game ?
 Your guests are dress'd, and in the hall,
 For strong beer and for nutmeg call ;
 They ask for you—get up, I pray,
 Else all of them will go away.

The squire look'd up, and, with a groan,
 Said, Wou'd to heav'n they all were gone !
 Sure you may see it by my eyes,
 That I have little heart to rise :
 Then kissing CHERRY, said, Dear knight,
 This girl has giv'n me more delight
 Than in my life I ever knew,
 Believe me, faith, I tell you true ;
 And, while I live, I still shall own,
 That all the joys that I have known
 I owe to you, and you alone ;
 'Twas you brought CHERRY to my arms,
 And made me know ten thousand charms.

What

What tho' my way and speech be rude ?
 My soul is full of gratitude :
 Heav'n grant that I may find a way
 Your matchless favours to repay.
 Hold, cry'd the knight, too much you've said,
 I'm glad you like the pretty maid :
 I own, dear squire, it gave me pain
 To see you waste your time in vain,
 Pursuing foxes, hares, and deer,
 And swallowing whole floods of beer,
 While you wou'd never take the leisure
 To think on love, the greatest pleasure :
 I wanted you shou'd taste the bliss ;
 But since you know what loving is,
 I hope you'll now on women think,
 And value beauty more than drink :
 And now, I think, since you approve
 The maid who taught you first to love,
 You'd better keep her to yourself ;
 I'll answer for the smiling elf :
 She's young and handsome, frank and kind,
 And to no wickedness inclin'd.

The

Tho' I, quite ravish'd with her charms,
 Decoy'd her to my longing arms,
 Yet I dare pawn my soul, that she
 Ne'er knew another man but me,
 Until last night I brought her here ;
 Speak boldly, CHERRY ; do, my dear.

The fair one blush'd, and smiling said,
 I own the knight my youth betray'd ;
 I'm very young, have little seen,
 Till May-day I am not sixteen ;
 The knight is handsome, young and gay,
 And made my thoughtless heart his prey.
 When that was gone, you may believe
 I gave him all I had to give ;
 But may I ever be accurs'd,
 If from the day I saw him first,
 If any other man but he
 Had any thing to say to me ;
 And little did I think, last night,
 To meet with any but the knight.

I lov'd

I lov'd him ; nay, I love him still,
 And, he can tell, I took it ill
 When he desir'd I'd come to you ;
 Believe me, Sir, I tell you true ;
 I wept, I scolded, and look'd sour,
 But over me he had such pow'r,
 That I no longer cou'd resist.
 This said, the listning squire she kiss'd,
 And said, I never shall repent
 That to his will I gave consent ;
 For, let him take it ill or well,
 The truth, and nothing else I'll tell,
 That you, in this one happy night,
 Have let me know much more delight,
 Than e'er he gave me in a week;
 And you may, by his blushing cheek,
 Perceive that I have told the truth :
 And now, my dear, my charming youth,
 Do with poor CHERRY what you will,
 And let me go, or keep me still ;
 Yet it will break my tender heart,
 If you and CHERRY ever part.

On this the loving creature cry'd.
 No fear of that, the squire reply'd ;
 Dry up your tears, from grief be free,
 I ne'er intend to part with thee ;
 I've wealth enough ; I'll keep thee high :
 I'm young enough ; then why shou'd I,
 Now that I know what pleasure is,
 Deny myself in any blifs ?
 But now, dear CHERRY, I must rise,
 And, since you have not shut your eyes,
 Go try to sleep ; and when my guests,
 Those noisy, hunting, drunken beasts,
 Are gone, I'll come to bed, and try
 If I can sleep when you are by.
 And now, dear knight, to whom I owe
 Those joys, those raptures that I know,
 With me and mine do what you will,
 We shall be at your service still.

He kiss'd the nymph, put on his gown,
 And to the hall in haste went down :

Mean

Mean time the knight with CHERRY stay'd,
 And ask'd if all was true she said
 About the squire. She said, So true,
 That, if he thus his love pursue,
 I'll be too weak ; for I discover
 Such actions in this youthful lover,
 That, if he nightly thus performs,
 I'll die love's martyr in his arms ;
 For I with toil am quite oppress'd,
 And beg you'd leave me to my rest :
 Dear Sir, farewell. The pimp retir'd,
 And lock'd the door, as was desir'd,

He found the squire amongst his guests,
 Who talk'd of hunting, and of feasts.
 The squire confess'd, that, for his part,
 He lov'd fox-hunting with his heart ;
 But I've, said he, somewhat to do,
 That will take up a week or two :
 A fortnight hence you may command me.
 Here, HARRY, bring the Orange-Brandy !
Before.

Before we part let's have a dram.
The butler and the bottle came :
They drank it out, on horseback got,
And homewards to their dinner trot.

The pimping knight still with him stay'd,
And told him how he left the maid,
Fatigu'd and weary, fast asleep ;
And now, if you're resolv'd to keep
The charming creature for your use,
'Tis fit the folks about the house
Shou'd ev'ry one receive their cue,
And pay your mistress what's her due.

Leave that to me, reply'd the squire ;
But I've a favour to desire,
Yet I'm afraid you'll take it ill.
Not I, said he, be what it will ;
I shall not, by this friendly kiss,
Take any thing you ask amiss ;
Nay, any thing I'll undertake
For you, or your dear CHERRY's sake.

Dear

Dear friend, I thank you, said the squire ;
 The favour that I would desire
 Is, that you'd take my coach, and go
 To Lincoln straight, and there bestow
 Two hundred pounds ; for I design
 To make the charming creature shine
 In ev'ry thing that's rich and fine. }
 I'd go myself, but that, I swear,
 I do not know what women wear ;
 Nor know I any one can do
 A thing like that so well as you :
 And now, dear knight, do you agree
 To be at all this toil for me ?

Yes, said the knight, with great content.
 The coach was got—away he went.
 Mean time the squire bid HARRY call
 The other servants to the hall.
 They came, and thus his worship spoke :
 Altho' I hate the marriage yoke,
 Yet I have got a friend above,
 Whom better than a wife I love.

And

And here I tell you, I expect
You'll treat my mistress with respect.

The butler answer'd for the rest,
And, bowing, said, they'd do their best.
'Tis very well, reply'd the squire.
And you may for this time retire ;
But, as they went, he call'd to HARRY,
And bid him brew some old Canary
With sugar, eggs, and cinnamon,
And bring it to my room anon,
The damask room, for there I lay ;
Perhaps my mistress may be dry.

The servants, who their master lov'd,
And every thing he did approv'd,
To shew their zeal for their new lady,
Made haste to get the caudle ready.

The squire had got to bed by this,
And wak'd his dear one with a kiss.
My life, said he, the guests are gone,
And you and I are left alone ;

The

The knight is likewise gone to Lincoln,
 To do what you but little think on :
 I've call'd the servants to the hall,
 And there have told them, one and all,
 That, from this hour, I did expect
 That they would treat you with respect ;
 For, tho' I did not mean to wed,
 Yet I had got a friend in bed,
 Whom I would keep while I had life,
 And love far better than a wife.
 They all were glad, and swore that they
 Would cheerfully your will obey ;
 And trusty HALL, and my nurse MARY,
 Are bringing up some warm Canary,
 Mix'd up with sugar, eggs and spices,
 For nurse is good at these devices.

As thus he spoke they both came up,
 The nurse brought in the caudle-cup,
 While HARRY, who was half a quack,
 To fortify his master's back,

Brought

Brought flyly up, upon two plates,
Eringo roots, and strength'ning dates.

The nurse fell down upon her knees,
And did the fair one's fingers seize ;
A thousand times her hands she kiss'd,
And said, Be thou for ever bless'd ;
This sight is what I long'd to see ;
Ten thousand blessings light on thee ;
These many years I've been afraid
He never would have kiss'd a maid ;
But now my heart o'erflows with joy,
To see this spirit in the boy.
Dear creature, grant me one request,
Hug my dear fondling to your breast.

CHERRY obey'd the nurse in this,
And gave the squire a glowing kiss.
This he with zeal did soon repay,
And almost suck'd her breath away.

Nurse wept for joy, and call'd to HARRY,
I see it is no time to tarry,

I'll

I'll leave the cup, leave you the plate,
When they are hungry let them eat,
But now, for all the world's treasure,
I would not interrupt their pleasure.

Down stairs the nurse and HARRY ran,
While CHERRY and the squire began
Their loves, till both, with joy oppress'd,
Sunk down at once to pleasing rest.

Mean time their pimp, with great content,
In coach and fix to Lincoln went,
Where he did ev'ry thing provide,
That might become the gayest bride ;
Her gowns of silver were and silk,
Her Flanders lace was white as milk,
Of finest Holland were her smocks,
Her stockings blue with silver clocks,
Gloves, shoes, and ribbons, all things fit;
Nor did he the large hoop omit :
All these he saw pack'd up with care ;
And did not any labour spare

To

To serve his friend : But ah ! who can
Find out the treachery of man ?

For, though the knight appear'd so kind,
He was a traitor in his mind ;
He never knew what friendship was,
But meant to make the squire an ass :
He saw him careless, young and rich,
And thought, if once he could bewitch
His soul with joys, till then unknown,
He might secure him as his own.
'Twas for this end that he betray'd
Fair CHERRY, fond, believing maid ;
Hoping her beauty would inspire
The thoughtless youth with warm desire,
And, when he had his passion eas'd,
He'd make him change her when he pleas'd.

He had a sister of his own,
The fairest creature e'er was known,
At London bred, a flaming toast,
But lately had her honour lost ;

For

And she, from shame or virtue free,
 Gave up herself to that degree,
 That, notwithstanding all her charms,
 The youngest men forsook her arms.
 Thus was it when an honest tar,
 A captain of a man of war,
 Came from a voyage, and saw the maid,
 And, by her matchless charms betray'd,
 Did wed the dame : but he, next day,
 His orders got, and sail'd away ;
 And such his haste to catch the tide,
 He wanted time to see his bride.
 She now had scarce left any thing
 Except her clothes and wedding-ring ;
 And thus, not knowing what to do,
 No lover left her, old or new,
 She in the coach secur'd a place,
 And to her brother wrote her case.
 He in the country pass'd his days,
 And ne'er had heard of FANNY's ways ;
 So, when the doleful letter came,
 He mourn'd the poor unlucky dame :

He

He went to Grantham, met her there ;
 She cry'd, and sobb'd : he said, Forbear ;
 Forbear, dear FANNY, cease to grieve,
 We cannot what is past retrieve ;
 Take comfort, child, and live with me,
 The wicked wretch that ruin'd thee
 Ere this lies buried in the sea. }
 The country ladies will be glad,
 That any one in London bred
 Comes down to shew them something new,
 And they will all be fond of you.

This said, she with her brother went,
 But by the way shew'd discontent ;
 And did, by thoughtless hints, discover
 The tar was not her only lover.

FANNY, said he, I pray be plain,
 Since all evasions are in vain :
 Tell me if you have been too free ?
 I fear the worst ; confess to me ;
 Your by-past faults I will conceal,
 And serve you with a brother's zeal ;

And

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I never lik'd your London breeding;
Tell me the life you have been leading.

Brother, said she, I must confess,
I've past my time in wickedness;
In every thing I've been to blame;
But why should I repeat my shame?
Think what you will, but God forbid
That I should tell you what I did:
But yet I meant to change my life,
And so became the captain's wife;
But he, base monster, soon at morn
Left me distracted and forlorn.
On this whole floods ran from her eyes,
She kneel'd; her brother bid her rise,
And said, Poor FANNY, I am sorry
To hear your melancholy story:
You cannot what is past repair,
But for the future have a care;
Lay all your wanton airs aside,
Let virtue seem your only guide,

Your

Your loose desires with care controul,
Nor let your eyes betray your soul :
Seem innocent, exceeding nice,
Appear a foe to ev'ry vice ;
If thus you cautiously behave,
We may perhaps your credit save,

Poor FANNY kiss'd his hand, and said,
He should in all things be obey'd ;
Each thing that's ill with care I'll shun,
But can you pardon what I've done ?

Yes, by this kiss, the knight reply'd :
But, FANNY, let your eyes be dry'd ;
If any understand your grief,
You then are ruin'd past relief :
Let no fond look your guilt betray,
You may be innocent and gay.
If thus you will be rul'd by me,
I hope I shall poor FANNY see
In marriage join'd to a young squire,
The richest in all Lincolnshire.

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'Twas thus they talk'd, and, long ere night,
 They reach'd the dwelling of the knight.
 Miss FANNY put on decent airs,
 And manag'd all the knight's affairs,
 Liv'd very modest, yet look'd gay,
 And quite had chang'd her London way :
 Her neighbours prais'd the virtuous dame,
 And fill'd the country with her fame.

The knight, who was from honour free,
 Long thought upon a way how he
 Might folder up poor FANNY's fame,
 And get a husband for the dame ;
 Who, smitten by her pow'rful charms,
 Might blindly take her to his arms :
 Riches was what he did desire,
 This made him pitch upon the squire ;
 Besides, he saw he little knew,
 And only did his sport pursue.

Resolv'd that he should be the man,
 The knight most artfully began

To

To flatter the unthinking squire,
 And do whate'er he did desire :
 With him he would the fox pursue,
 Yet kept his sister still in view ;
 And 'midst of all their noisy drinking,
 Was always on lost FANNY thinking :
 Yet one thing did his heart perplex,
 He saw the squire dispis'd the sex ;
 Yet thought, if he could find a way
 To make him try the amorous play,
 He then might bring the easy squire
 To do whate'er he did desire.
 This made him, like a hellish imp,
 Debauch young CHERRY, then turn pimp,
 And it was for his sister's sake
 He did this shameful journey make ;
 And ran about from door to door,
 To buy new rigging for a whore ;
 But, when a man's from morals free,
 He soon forgets his pedigree,
 And may do things yet more sinister
 Than pimping for a friend or sister.

But,

But, to return where I degress'd,
 The crafty knight such zeal express'd,
 That he of each thing got the best
 That by a dutchess might be wore ;
 All this into an inn he bore,
 Then bought a trunk and pack'd up all,
 And drove away to Booby-Hall.

}

'Twas fix at night ere he got there,
 And found the nurse at mighty care,
 That not so much as cat or mouse
 Should make disturbance in the house.

Dear Sir, said she, but whisper'd low,
 While her old eyes with pleasure glow,
 Our squire has got a maid in bed,
 Whose face is purest white and red.
 Had you but seen their close embraces,
 Their mixing legs, their joining faces,
 It would have made you jump for joy.
 O the sweet girl and eager boy !

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C

They

They have not stirr'd—I won't say that,
 Since I can guess what they've been at ;
 But yet they have not call'd, this day,
 Since your good worship went away :
 All day I've kept the house in quiet,
 While HARRY is preparing diet,
 Such as was ne'er in Booby-Hall,
 And will be ready at a call.

The knight reply'd, 'Tis very well :
 But, nurse, I must a secret tell ;
 He pass'd the night in wanton play,
 And if he likewise adds the day,
 The tender youth may be the worse :
 But, hark ! they call. Up went the nurse,
 And, running in, Dear Sir, she said,
 The knight's below, and is afraid
 That you and she, dear lovely elves,
 Have over-toil'd and kill'd yourselves.

The squire reply'd, His fears are vain ;
 Tho' we have fought, we are not slain.

Said

Said CHERRY, Bid the knight come up,
But reach me first the caudle-cup.

The nurse with cheerfulness obey'd ;
The knight, who heard each word they said,
In his own arms brought up the trunk,
When CHERRY, siniling, to him drunk,
Pledge me, dear knight, 'tis to the squire,
My heart's delight, my soul's desire.
Long may he live, and still employ
His days in mirth, his nights in joy,
And may his pleasures never cloy. }

God's blessing on your heart, my fair,
Said nurse ; I thank you for that pray'r,
And may he dangle on a tree,
Whoever wishes harm to thee ;
There let him hang, there let him rot,
And be in memory forgot.

Well pray'd on both sides, said the knight ;
But, now 'tis wearing towards night,

Had you not better rise a while,
 And with good cheer the hours beguile ;
 Supper was ready ere I came :
 Get up, good squire ; for you, my dame,
 Since you belong unto the squire,
 'Tis fit you change your coarse attire ;
 I've brought you clean and dainty linen,
 Much finer than this country's spinning :
 The nurse will shift you, I presume,
 Till then 'tis fit I leave the room ;
 When that is over, I desire
 To dress you in your new attire.

This said, he took the caudle-cup,
 While CHERRY and the squire got up :
 But who can CHERRY's joy express
 When she beheld the charming dress.
 In all her life she ne'er had seen
 Linen by half so sweet or clean :
 Her stockings gave her vast delight,
 And in her heart she bless'd the knight ;

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Her under-petticoat was stitch'd,
And with a silver lace enrich'd :
But when the knight put on the rest,
Her wonder could not be express'd ;
She look'd on all things with surprise,
And pleasure sparkled in her eyes.

At last, from head to foot equip'd,
She to the mirror nimbly tripp'd :
But, missing the plain country lads,
She saw a lady in the glass,
So richly dress'd, so red, so white,
She was astonish'd with delight :
But when she knew her image there,
Strange rapture seiz'd the wond'ring fair,
Her soul was fill'd with vast content,
Yet to the hall she trembling went.

The squire with joy beheld her charms,
And clasp'd her in his loving arms :
Welcome, he said, my charming fair,
However chang'd in dress and air ;

Let

Let other women value dress,
Who to the shops owe their success,
Each thing you wear a charm conceals,
And from my eyes a beauty steals ;
'Tis you, my dear, alone can boast,
That naked you can charm the most.

As thus they talk'd the supper came,
The servants all admir'd the dame :
They made good cheer ; and, while they sat,
Did pass the time in merry chat :
The squire and CHERRY prais'd the knight,
And wish'd to heav'n they could requite
His favours to them, for they swore
They ne'er had known such joys before.

The knight, upon his soul, declar'd
He scorn'd the thoughts of all reward ;
And said, I had no other end
But to oblige and serve my friend ;
And if I could do any thing
That to the squire would pleasure bring,

I would be happy ; for, in truth,
I long have lov'd the hopeful youth.

'Twas thus they talk'd, when careful nurse,
Fearing the squire should be the worse
With sitting up, came smiling in,
And CHERRY chuck'd beneath the chin,
And said, My dear and pretty lady,
Your chamber and the posset's ready ;
'Tis wearing late, the nights are raw,
I wish you would to bed withdraw.
Last night, my little wanton elves,
You stole to bed quite by yourselves ;
But now I mean to tuck you in,
And ere your gambols you begin,
I hope you will my posset try ;
You'll break my heart if you deny.

To bed they went, and there they past
That night as they had done the last ;
Such happy nights they long enjoy'd,
Nor was the squire nor CHERRY cloy'd,
For

For he was constant, she was true,
 And fonder by enjoyment grew.
 But, while they bill'd like turtle-doves,
 The knight grew weary of their loves;
 He saw the squire so lov'd the maid,
 That he began to be afraid,
 His sister, spite of all her charms,
 Would scarcely gain him to her arms.
 This made him all his wit employ,
 In thinking how he might destroy
 The peace of these two happy lovers,
 But yet his fraud with friendship covers.

One day, while in the house he staid,
 He slyly did the squire upbraid.
 Dear friend, said he, I wonder you
 No more the fox nor hare pursue;
 Your jolly neighbours rise ere day,
 And chace till noon the trembling prey,
 Then o'er their cups insulting say,
 Where is the squire, so fam'd of late?
 Or where is ROAN, or CREEPING KATE?
 No

No more he hunts, no more makes merry,
But stays at home and toys with CHERRY.

E'en let them laugh, the squire reply'd,
I laugh'd at love before I try'd ;
But, since I know what loving is,
In it I've centered all my bliss.

'Tis very true, reply'd the knight,
Dear Sir, I think you in the right ;
Yet you have time for love and sport,
For now the nights are not so short,
But, tho' you ride about all day,
You'll find them long enough for play ;
Beside, dear friend, if you pursue
Your pleasure at the rate you do,
Of love you'll lose the relish quite,
And get a surfeit of delight ;
But if that, twice or thrice a-week,
You'd in the fields your pleasure seek,
And meet your friends by break of day,
Hunt hare and fox, be brisk and gay,

Dine where they dine, and never shrink,
 But, like yourself, pull off your drink ;
 At night, in CHERRY'S-arms embrac'd,
 You'll find each kiss much sweeter taste :
 Believe me, friend, 'tis truth I say ;
 Besides, you know, next hunting-day,
 It is my turn to entertain
 The sportsmen and their jolly train ;
 But if, dear friend, you do not come,
 Their presence will be troublesome :
 Tho' I might ask this boon of you,
 As what is to my friendship due,
 Yet I shall make it my request,
 That you may come and be my guest.

The squire, tho' now he scorn'd the chace,
 Yet gave his friend a strict embrace,
 And, looking on him, smiling said,
 Dear friend, how could you be afraid
 That I'd refuse what you desir'd,
 Tho' you a greater thing requir'd ?

No,

No, I am thine to that degree,
 That thro' the world I'd go with thee ;
 Then seal'd his promise with a kiss.
 The knight was overjoy'd at this,
 And told him that the squires had fix'd
 To dine with him on Tuesday next,
 That now he must go home to see
 That ev'ry thing in order be.

He took his leave, and homewards went,
 But, on his neighbour's ruin bent,
 Thought how he might his heart betray,
 By throwing FANNY in his way.

The wish'd for day at last appear'd,
 And nought but hounds and horns were hear'd :
 The squire abruptly left his joys,
 While CHERRY trembled at the noise,
 Her lovely cheeks were bath'd in tears,
 Yet knew no reason for her fears.

The hunters met—they rous'd a deer :
 The squire at first lag'd in the rear,

But,

But, fearing he might lose his fame,
Or ROAN or CHERRY get the blame,
Spur'd up, and to the foremost came ;
Then rode so fast, that all did yield
To him the honour of the field.

}

The squire, with his just praises proud,
Smil'd inwardly, but spoke aloud :
You see, my friends, tho' I of late
Have neither rode on ROAN or KATE,
Yet we can shew, when there is need,
That none of us have lost our speed.

Spoke like a young man in his prime,
The knight reply'd ; but now 'tis time
We go and eat. They all consent,
And with the knight to dinner went,
Who kindly welcom'd ev'ry guest,
But hugg'd our squire close to his breast.

The dinner and miss FANNY came,
All eyes were fix'd upon the dame ;

The

The country squires were all amaz'd,
 And on the fair with wonder gaz'd ;
 In all their lives they ne'er had seen
 Such beauty, nor so free a mein ;
 So sweet a face, so fine an air,
 Her smiling mouth, her coal-black hair,
 Her rising breasts, her sparkling eyes,
 Fill'd ev'ry booby with surprise,
 That, quite confounded with the sight,
 They stood astonish'd, till the knight
 Told them it was his only sister ;
 On this they all went up and kiss'd her ;
 And, while her praises they proclaim'd,
 Poor modest FANNY seem'd asham'd.

They took their places at the last,
 But still their eyes on FANNY cast,
 Who carv'd, and gave about the meat,
 As long as any guest cou'd eat ;
 Yet seem'd to be at greater care
 To serve the squire than any there,

Who,

Who, in a bumper, drunk her health,
And took a look or two by stealth.

But, when the cloth was ta'en away,
Fair madam wou'd no longer stay,
And making court'sies to them all,
Most decently forsook the hall.

With sportsmen, soon as they have din'd,
The way has been, time out of mind,
To tell the feats at hunting done,
And how their dogs and horses run ;
But now they nam'd nor dog nor horse,
But chang'd the subject of discourse,
They only talk'd how FANNY charm'd :
Now ev'ry look their bosoms warm'd
That he'd be more than mortal bless'd,
Who such a charming wife possess'd.

Pshaw ! said the knight, let's mind our drink,
Of such a bayble never think,

A

A thousand fairer may be found ;
Come, let the chearful glafs go round.

The squire reply'd, May I be curs'd,
If I had seen your sister first,
Altho' I hate the slavish life,
Yet I had ask'd her for a wife ;
In faith I wish, as I'm a sinner,
That I had stay'd at home to dinner ;
But I'll go home, forget her charms
In little CHERRY's wanton arms.

A friend, acquainted with the cheat,
Reply'd, A very good receipt,
If you was sure that it wou'd do :
But, when you've ta'en a kiss or two,
You'll weary of your CHERRY's arms,
And think on miss's brighter charms :
Mean time she may her heart bestow
Upon another ere you know ;
You then will think your time mispent,
And, when it is too late, repent :

The

The knight's your friend, you know he is,
Perhaps he may agree to this,
And FANNY's will depends on his.

}

Besides, I think, I've heard it said,
Your handsome CHERRY was no maid
When first you took her to your bed ;
Think, think upon a maidenhead.

The squire was young, and much in drink,
Nor was he very apt to think,
But said, he'd the proposal make,
If it were not for CHERRY's sake.

The other answer'd, Never fear,
Settle a hundred pounds a-year
Upon the little girl for life,
And ask this virgin for a wife ;
I hope the knight will not deny you,
And our fat parson fast shall tie you.

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The squire a little while withdrew,
 To think on what he had to do ;
 But 'twas in vain ; for crafty FANNY,
 Who slyly listen'd at a cranny,
 And heard and saw each thing was done,
 Snatch'd up a China jar, and run
 Just by the door : the squire, amaz'd,
 Stood still, and on the charmer gaz'd,
 And, CHERRY's love forgetting quite,
 View'd the false virgin with delight :
 Then, falling down upon his knees,
 Did trembling on her fingers seize,
 And, sighing, said, I have no art,
 Yet, fair one, you have won my heart,
 I'm rich, and young, nay, honest too,
 But in my life cou'd never woo ;
 If you agree, I'll tell the knight,
 And make you mine this very night.

Good Sir, said she, I pray forbear,
 I wou'd not any one shou'd hear

What

What you have said ; they'd surely think
 That you was very much in drink,
 Or that I did a husband need,
 If I shou'd marry with such speed ;
 I love my brother, and I still
 Shall be obedient to his will,
 And, if you find that he's content,
 You shall not fail of my consent ;
 Nay farther, I'll confess this truth,
 I think you a bewitching youth :
 But, if you mean not what you say,
 For heav'n's sake come no more this way.
 Then, stooping down, she kiss'd the squire,
 And set his bosom all on fire.

He paid the kiss, and, glowing, said,
 Believe me, fair and gentle maid,
 That it shall be no fault of mine,
 If I this moment am not thine ;
 I'll go, and to the knight discover
 That I'm your true and faithful lover.

Again

Again she kiss'd him, then withdrew ;
 The squire, who now had got his cue,
 Went straightway back into the hall,
 And told his mind before them all ;
 Begging the knight to hear his pray'r,
 And give him the enchanting fair.
 You still have been my friend, he said,
 Deny me not the charming maid.

The faithless knight embrac'd with joy
 The offer, and the am'rous boy,
 And, smiling, said, My much lov'd squire,
 I grant you all you can desire,
 So far as in my pow'r it lies,
 But I with FANNY must advise :
 'Tis fit I ask if she's content.
 Then straightway to his sister went,
 Who told him all the squire had said,
 And begg'd it might not be delay'd ;
 It is not fit that he shou'd cool :
 The squire, said she, is no such fool,

But

But that he may our tricks discover,
 And then farewell my wealthy lover ;
 If so, I am undone for ever,
 The very thought on't makes me shiver ;
 Make haste, I pray. Away he went,
 And for a scriv'ner quickly sent,
 He knew the parson was at hand,
 And still wou'd be at his command.

When this was o'er, the knight came back,
 And found the squire upon the rack,
 Impatient of the long delay ;
 But, coming in, did smiling say,
 Dear brother, so I'll call you now,
 My sister doth your suit allow,
 And, if you are resolv'd to wed,
 This night will take you to her bed ;
 The time is short, I can't provide
 Things that are proper for a bride,
 But, if you rather wou'd delay,
 A week or two, your wedding-day——

The

The squire did interrupt him here,
And, hugging him, reply'd, My dear,
For heav'n's sake talk not at that rate,
Nor make your friend unfortunate,
Upon my knees I beg, dear knight,
You'll let our marriage be to-night.

The company join'd with the squire ;
The knight comply'd with their desire ;
The deeds were drawn, the parson came,
And ty'd the squire and lovely dame :
The bridegroom mighty joy express'd ;
The bride went off to be undress'd ;
Who, knowing something was more wide
Than what befeem'd a virgin bride,
Thrust in, to make the way less patent,
An APPLE-JOHN in road adjacent ;
And surely none cou'd FANNY blame
If thus she shou'd conceal her shame.

The eager squire jump'd into bed,
In hopes to gain the maidenhead,

The'

Tho' what it was he never knew ;
And friends with decency withdrew.

The squire propos'd a deal of pleasure
In breaking up the virgin treasure ;
But when he try'd the bold adventure,
It was in vain, he cou'd not enter ;
Again he kiss'd, again he try'd,
But all admittance was deny'd :
FANNY, meanwhile, cry'd out with pain,
And fear'd no less than being slain ;
But, when she long enough had griev'd,
The apple and the squire reliev'd.

And now the youth, of joy possess'd,
Gave FANNY very little rest,
But with his labour thirsty grown,
Look'd for a drink, but, finding none,
Complain'd to FANNY of his grief.
My dear, said she, there's some relief,
Holding the apple in her hand,
You may whate'er is mine command.

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Ten thousand thanks, my dear, my life,
 My joy, my fair obliging wife,
 The squire reply'd, and ate in haste,
 But by no means admir'd the taste ;
 Tho' he for niceness little car'd,
 He wish'd the apple had been par'd;
 Yet, thus refresh'd, in great delight
 Made FANNY pass away the night.
 At morn they rose both fresh and gay,
 Nor seem'd fatigu'd with wanton play.

But yet the squire, when left alone,
 Did CHERRY's wretched state bemoan,
 And in soliloquy thus spoke :
 Why was I tempted by a joke ?
 I left my CHERRY's snowy arms,
 To dote upon another's charms,
 Who may, for any thing I know,
 No better be than so and so ;
 For I declare, as God shall save me !
 That CHERRY greater pleasure gave me :

At

At first I was oblig'd to wait,
 I found my wife so very strait,
 But afterwards I found the bride
 Than my dear CHERRY twice as wide ;
 I wish that ev'ry thing be right :
 I've some suspicions of the knight :
 But now I am ty'd up for life,
 And have (God blefs me !) got a wife,
 And must no more on CHERRY think :
 A curse on hunting and on drink !
 But I must shew myself a man,
 And bear it now the best I can.

This said, his friends about him came,
 And ask'd him how he lik'd the dame,
 So very well, he, smiling, said,
 I wish that each had such a maid ;
 You then wou'd know the joys of life
 In having such a charming wife.

The knight, on this discourse, grew pale,
 And scarcely cou'd his fears conceal ;

But,

But, when he found he said no more,
Became as easy as before,
And was as merry as the rest,
Until the time the bride was dress'd.

The squire went up, and found the fair
Before the glass, her bosom bare,
Her hair so black, her skin so white,
That he no more cou'd bear the sight,
But, thrusting out th' officious maid,
Upon a couch the fair one laid ;
While she, who knew the whole affair,
And oft had try'd both couch and chair,
Gave him as good as he cou'd bring,
Nor did she fail in any thing.

When this was done, he call'd the maid,
And, panting, by the fair one stay'd ;
Who did such matchless charms discover,
That he again became her lover,
And to his heart his FANNY press'd,
Who begg'd he'd leave her till she dress'd :

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But

But he, not minding what she said,
Still with her wanton bosom play'd,
Until his blood was all on fire,
Then bid the maid again retire.

My life, said he, tho' I, last night,
Found joys, and raptures, and delight,
Yet all I did was out of sight ;
But now I mean to view your charms,
And take you naked to my arms.

Dear Sir, said she, I beg that you
Wou'd nothing so indecent do ;
For me, my dear, I'd die for shame ;
Indeed, indeed, you are to blame ;
At night I'll do whate'er you please
To give you joy, or give you ease :
I'm almost dead with what you've done,
And wou'd your kind embraces shun ;
Yet do not think, my dearest squire,
That I'll refuse what you require,

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All due regard to you I'll pay,
And, as in duty bound, obey.

The squire laid all her dress aside,
And in a moment stripp'd the bride ;
And sure there never was a sight
That cou'd afford so much delight.
Her hair, which was as raven black,
Hung o'er her shoulders and her back ;
Her breasts were like the driven snow,
On which her nipples warmly glow ;
Her arms, her waist, her legs, her thighs,
The squire beheld with wond'ring eyes,
Till love cou'd brook no more delay,
But, seizing on the charming prey,
In height of rapture dy'd away.

But short and tranfient are our joys,
Our blifs our very blifs destroys,
And, let our joys be ne'er fo strong,
We're fure they can't continue long,

As FANNY and the squire confes'd,
Who left the room till she got dres'd.

The friends came up, the bride was kiss'd,
They shook the bridegroom by the fist ;
The jests went round, and FANNY smil'd,
Yet look'd as harmless as a child ;
The merry bridegroom too was baited,
Until they heard that dinner waited.

Down stairs they march'd, and in the hall
They saw a sight surpris'd them all :
A gentleman in scarlet dress'd,
That thro' the croud of servants press'd,
And, running up, embrac'd the bride,
Who cou'd not her amazement hide ;
She struggled, but he held her fast,
And, kissing, said, Have I at last
Found out my dear, my joy, my life,
My better part, my soul, my wife ?
With grief I left thy snowy arms,
And thy almost untasted charms ;

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I curs'd the wind, I curs'd the sea,
 And ev'ry kind of thing but thee.
 Since then I have both Indies seen,
 And in a thousand dangers been :
 I met a pyrate, whom I fought,
 And all his wealth to England brought :
 But, when I set my foot on shore,
 I, from my heart, sincerely swore,
 Never to tempt the ocean more,
 But live at home in wealth with thee,
 Who dearer art than life to me.
 I went to London, hoping there
 To find the object of my care,
 But, for a quarter of a year,
 I cou'd nor tale nor tidings hear,
 Till, coming to thy brother's house,
 I've found at last my charming spouse.

FANNY, who had both wit and sense, }
 Spoke with becoming eloquence :
 My charming captain, it is true,
 That I was marry'd once to you ;

But

But yet, next morn, you left me quite
 Forlorn, and lost to all delight.
 Long time I did your absence mourn,
 And wish'd in vain for your return ;
 But, when I heard my dear was slain,
 Who can express the dreadful pain
 That I endur'd ! I tore my hair,
 And long I liv'd in deep despair.
 My brother there came up to town,
 And in his chariot brought me down ;
 Since then I've in this castle stay'd,
 And still have been believ'd a maid :
 This gentleman, a worthy squire,
 I know not how, was set on fire,
 And ask'd to make a wife of me,
 To which my brother did agree,
 And I, since you had lost your life,
 Did condescend to be his wife ;
 But, heav'n be prais'd, you've come in time
 To save my soul from such a crime ;
 This day we shou'd have marry'd been,
 'Twas that made all these folks convene.

The

The honest squire soon took the hint,
 And smiling said, The devil's in't ;
 I thought, deluded by the knight,
 To've had a maidenhead to-night ;
 But since miss FANNY is your wife,
 I'll live a batch'lor all my life ;
 The will of heav'n I can't controul,
 But wish you joy with all my soul :
 And here, before you all, declare,
 If e'er the noble captain there
 At any time will grace my house,
 And with him bring his lovely spouse,
 I'll think myself a happy man,
 And make them welcome, if I can.
 Farewell, fair lady, I'll be gone,
 And find at home an APPLE-JOHN :
 For you, sweet knight, pray keep you merry,
 I thank you for your present, CHERRY ;
 And, whispering, said, Tho' you have kiss'd her,
 She's as much virgin as your sister.
 And now I bid farewell to all,
 I'll homewards ride to BOOBY-HALL,
And,

[80]

And, tho' I've miss'd that lady bright,
I shall not ly alone to-night.

Away he spurr'd, to CHERRY came,
And long liv'd happy with the dame.

T A L E

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T A L E XXII.

The TOOTH-DRAWER.

A Parson's wife, young, fair, and gay,
Soon weary'd of her husband's way ;
For all night by her side he snor'd,
And all day on his volumes por'd :
He did not relish wedlock joys,
He had already girls and boys,
That his first wife, good woman, bore,
And, thrifty man, he wish'd no more :
His present wife some money brought,
And that was all the parson sought.

The doctor was a saving man,
And, ere he married last, began
To think he little had to spare,
And children would increase his care
And his expences ; yet he thought,
If that a fair one could be brought
To live in peace both night and day,
Nor seek in bed the am'rous play,
Her portion would his wealth increase,
And he all night might sleep in peace.

Full well he knew that he was old,
Yet he had heard some maids were cold,
Who past their days with great discretion,
Nor car'd for love nor copulation :
If so he'd be in happy case.
Thus, full of faith, heav'n-pleasing grace,
He ventur'd on the charming maid,
And was not of her youth afraid,
While she, reluctant to his suit,
With horror view'd the feeble brute ;

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She loath'd his age, abhorr'd his figure,
 And in his looks read want of vigour.
 Her beauty now was in its bud,
 And she foresaw her youthful blood
 An abler doctor would require
 To cool its heat, and quench its fire :
 Add to all this, that, long ere now,
 She in her heart had made a vow
 To wed a surgeon, who, in truth,
 Was handsome, and a clever youth.

But parents, upon lucre bent,
 Do seldom mind their child's content,
 And, careless of their future ease,
 Ev'n make them wed whome'er they please.

The truth of this fair KITTY try'd :
 She sigh'd, she kneel'd, she pray'd, she cry'd ;
 And begg'd they would their KITTY save
 From age, diseases, and the grave ;
 For surely that would be her fate,
 If married to that horrid mate,

Who

Who was made up of ails and years :
 Then back'd her speech with floods of tears.
 But all was vain that KITTY said,
 Her parents will must be obey'd ;
 They knew full well the priest was rich,
 And wealth their senses did bewitch.
 Thus to their cursed avarice
 Poor KITTY fell a sacrifice.

The wedding-day arriv'd at last,
 A red-fac'd curate tied them fast ;
 To bed the mourning fair one went,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and discontent :
 The doctor lay down by her side,
 Unequal match for such a bride.
 The wedded pair were left alone,
 While KITTY did her fate bemoan.
 Cross'd in her love, and, what was worse,
 Condemn'd for life to be a nurse
 To one she hated. Wretched maid !
 But, most of all, she was afraid

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Left he should take her in his arms,
 And try to rifle all her charms :
 This dreadful thought she could not bear.
 But vain in this was KITTY's fear ;
 The bridegroom was not so dispos'd,
 He kiss'd the bride, and then compos'd
 His aged limbs to wish'd-for rest,
 And for no other favour press'd.
 Tho' KITTY was o'erjoy'd at this,
 She took his coldness much amiss ;
 She thought her beauty might inspire
 Old age itself with young desire ;
 But since he had her charms despis'd,
 And that a single kiss suffic'd,
 She meant no more to lose her time,
 But use her beauty in its prime,
 The surgeon should her want supply,
 And rifle her virginity.
 No more, said she, shall DICK complain
 That he has lov'd me but in vain ;
 To-morrow shall his triumph see,
 When he may take revenge on me.

This

This resolution eas'd her breast,
And thus content sunk down to rest:

The aged parson rose by day,
He kiss'd his fair-one, and away,
Who for her much-lov'd RICHARD sent.
He came, and gave her great content;
Her virgin fort with vigour storm'd,
And, lover-like, his part perform'd:
Nor did he stay to toy and kiss,
But sought for more substantial bliss,
While KITTY did his love commend,
And wish'd the rapture ne'er might end.

But short, alas! are all our joys,
Our greatest pleasure soonest cloy,
As, to her grief, poor KITTY knew;
Her rampant lover weary grew,
He kiss'd, but could no farther go.
This fill'd her loving heart with woe,
And, deeply sighing, look'd with sorrow;
Dear DICK, said she, come back to-morrow.

Next

Next day, and RICHARD with it, came,
And gave great pleasure to the dame.

While thus they did their time employ,
And pass their hours in love and joy,
The husband in his closet staid,
Ne'er dreaming of the pranks they play'd.
But was o'erjoy'd to find his wife
So easy in her state of life.

She shew'd no heat nor youthful fire,
But, free from lust and loose desire,
Slept well at night, and in the day
Was never vex'd, but always gay :
This made him lead a happy life,
And in his soul admire his wife.

One day the doctor did intend
To ride some miles to see a friend :
KITTY complain'd that she had got
An inflammation in her throat,
And that she meant to draw a tooth
That gave her pain, and spoil'd her mouth,
And

And that the torture would undo her,
Unless he sent the surgeon to her.

Away he went, the surgeon came,
And in his arms he took the dame :
Down on the bed the lovers ly,
Ne'er thinking on a child was by ;
To love they fell with all their might,
And in the pastime took delight :
Oft he was vanquish'd in her arms ;
But KITTY had so many charms,
That, with a long tongue-touching kiss,
She rous'd him to renew the bliss.
Thus, wing'd with joy, their moments flew,
Till love almost insipid grew :
Away the languid lover went,
And she was for that time content.

Back to his house the parson came,
To see his poor afflicted dame :
The first he met with was his boy,
His fav'rite and his greatest joy.

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'Twas he who in the room was hid,
 And saw what KATE and RICHARD did.
 Tell me, said he, my little life,
 How is it with my dearest wife ?
 Did RICHARD come and pull her tooth ?
 Yes, said the boy, and, on my truth,
 It was both long, and large, and white :
 I vow it put me in a fright :
 I wish it do mamma no harm,
 For 'twas almost as long's my arm.

TALE

T A L E XXIII.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE day a tell-tale waiting maid
In tears thus to her lady said,
The cook has vex'd me to the heart,
And if you do not take my part,
I never can hold up my face
Without dishonour and disgrace.

My lady said, Pray tell your meaning;
If there is reason for complaining,
I'll take your part, you may be certain,
And give you full revenge on MARTIN.

Madam, said she, and then she blush'd,
For me, I wish the thing was hush'd;

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But I'm afraid it can't be hid,
 The servants saw what MARTIN did :
 As by the kitchen fire I stood,
 Thinking, God knows, on nought but good,
 The cook did slyly by me stand,
 And clap'd his Something in my hand :
 I felt it warm, then turn'd about,
 And view'd a monster large and stout ;
 The like I never saw nor felt.
 I'll have the wicked fellow gelt,
 My lady said, Run down in haste,
 And send to me that lustful beast:

The cook came gravely up the stairs,
 The lady put on all her airs :
 You saucy villain, madam said,
 How durst you thus affront my maid :

MARTIN with modesty begun,
 Pray tell me, madam, what I've done :
 Your maids can ne'er complain of me ;
 Like lambs your maids and I agree.

My

My lady did in wrath reply,
Can you your wicked deeds deny?
My meaning you won't uderstand,
What was't you clap'd in BETTY's hand?

And is this all, reply'd the cook?
Do I for this deserve rebuke?
I'll tell the truth: as I'm a sinner,
I've got some partridges for dinner;
I was in hurry, yet your maid
A thousand wanton frolics play'd;
And since she in my way would stand,
I clap'd a partridge in her hand.

A likely tale, my lady said,
As if you thought I'd keep a maid
So void of wit and common sense,
As not to know the difference
'Twixt partridges and standing p——:
Pray, MARTIN, leave your foolish tricks,
Else I shall shew you, to your sorrow,
I'll make you quiet before to-morrow.

Altho'

Altho' the dame in anger spoke,
 Her eyes declar'd she was in joke.
 She was not cruel in her nature,
 But was a most obliging creature :
 She had a large extensive mind,
 And bore good-will to all mankind.
 This made her wish she had survey'd
 That Something mention'd by her maid ;
 And thought the cook deserv'd a bribe,
 If 'twas as BETTY did describe ;
 And from her soul she long'd to know
 If that the thing was really so :
 Then she resolv'd to satisfy
 Her female curiosity.
 The cook was handsome, young and clean ;
 And tho' his birth was low and mean,
 Yet he might as much love afford,
 As any duke or garter'd lord :
 Away she let all scruples fly,
 And was determin'd she would try.

She

She smil'd, and thus to MARTIN said, }
 Shew me, young man, be not afraid, }
 That partridge that you shew'd my maid. }

The fellow heard her with surprise,
 With joy he view'd her wishing eyes,
 Her orders readily obey'd.
 Transported she the thing survey'd :
 She saw her maid had told the truth.
 And hugg'd the ample-gifted youth :
 Upon the bed they panting fell,
 What more they did I cannot tell.
 The dame was young, the fellow strong,
 Their pastime did continue long :
 Young MARTIN all his vigour try'd,
 My lady in all things comply'd :
 At last he was disabled quite,
 And could not give nor take delight.

My lady clasp'd him round the waist,
 And, smiling, said, I ne'er did taste,

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Tho' I have been three years a wife,
So sweet a partridge in my life.
Farewell, dear MARTIN, heav'n restore you,
I think I've plum'd your partridge for you.

T A L E

T A L E XXIV.

The QUESTION, to Dr. A—.

TELL me, good doctor, what's the cause,
You who have study'd nature's laws,
Why women, of one shape and feature,
So far should differ in their nature.
By nature here I do not mean
A temper eaten with the spleen,
Nor one whose happy soul's at ease,
And has no thought but how to please:
But what I mean is only this,
Why one delights in amorous bliss,

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While t'other, who has equal charms,
A stranger is to love's alarms
And talks of love with great despite,
In which her sister takes delight.

To vouch the truth of what I say,
Two men I knew both young and gay,
Who, weary'd of a single life,
Took each of them a lovely wife,
The daughters of a certain knight,
Alike in features, shape and height.
I saw them marry'd, put to bed,
Each husband got a maidenhead.
Next day the bridegrooms were content,
And I down to the country went.
Within a week I came to town,
And found my friends were both cast down.
I could not bear to see them so,
And to the one did frankly go ;
And ask'd the reason of his grief.
He said, I'm ruin'd past relief :

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You

You see my wife's a lovely sight,
 And form'd to give a man delight :
 Her eyes and face to love entice ;
 But, ah ! my friend, she's cold as ice :
 No joy she gives, no joy can feel,
 Nor meets my love with equal zeal ;
 And spite of all her outward charms,
 Like marble lyes within my arms ;
 No fire she has to warm her blood,
 Or thaw the dull, the stagnant flood :
 Thus I am made a slave for life,
 Ty'd to a fair but joyless wife.

I left this friend in discontent,
 And to the other straightway went.
 I saw he was but ill at ease,
 And kindly ask'd him his disease.
 My friend, said he—then made a pause,
 You see me sad, and ask the cause ;
 From such a friend I'll nothing hide :
 Curs'd be the day I got a bride ;

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For tho' she is made up of charms,
 And came a virgin to my arms,
 Yet I am weary'd of my life,
 And wish I ne'er had got a wife.
 She is so full of wanton play,
 I get no rest by night or day ;
 Her youthful blood is still on fire,
 She is all love and hot desire :
 Her pulse beats high, her bosom heaves,
 The more I do, the more she craves ;
 But when, by her resistless charms,
 She draws me to her eager arms,
 She's with the joy transported quite,
 And dies away in vast delight.
 Last night I like a parson toil'd,
 But was, in spite of vigour, foil'd.
 I laid me down, and would have slept,
 When to my breast she fondly crept ;
 And, giving me a burning kiss,
 Begg'd that I would renew the bliss.

I ask'd her how she could support
 The violence of amorous sport.

My life, said she, and squeez'd my finger,
The more I'm thing'd I'm still the keener.

The DOCTOR'S ANSWER.

Good Sir, as for your natural question,
A thing too true to make a jest on,
At present I decline the task,
'Tis you should answer, I should ask :
Some things there are, if I might quote 'em,
Which man can ne'er search to the bottom,
Too ticklish to be nearly touch'd,
Yet may in simile be couch'd.

Two fiddles lay, in size and frame
Alike, their wood and strings the same.
Them both by turns a minstrel try'd,
And with the stick their bellies ply'd.
A clown stood by astonish'd much,
How, by the same apparent touch,
One sounded with melodious voice,
Whilst t'other made a jarring noise.

To

The minstrel says, Thou dunderhead,
 Thou might as well have wondered
 At winter's frost, or heat in June—
 This fiddle here is out of tune.

Fiddles alone are not to blame,
 The sticks must often take the shame;
 Too feeble, short, or limber chosen,
 And often fail for want of rosin.

T A L E

TALE XXV.

GOOD ADVICE.

SOME years ago a charming dame
In Paris to the regent came.
She was so vex'd she scarce could speak ;
She trembled, and her voice was weak :
But rage, however closely pent
In womens breasts, will find a vent.
Three times she sigh'd, and thus begun :
Great ORLEANS, I am undone :
Just now the cardinal I saw,
Told him I had a suit at law,

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That I'd be baffi'd at the court,
 Unless he did my cause support ;
 Then to him kneel'd : as God shall save me,
 The wicked wretch an answer gave me,
 With which I was quite thunder-struck ;
 Madam, said he, go home and f——.
 What could the lewd, the rotten brute,
 Say to a common prostitute ?
 Was this fit language to a maid ?
 To this his highness, smiling, said,
 What tho' DuBois be slave to vice,
 Yet, faith, he gave you good advice.

TALE

T A L E XXVI.

FIFTY POUNDS SAVED.

A Peer, some more than fix foot high,
The soldier trade resolv'd to try ;
He fondly fancy'd that his size
Would make him in the army rise ;
He of his valour much did boast,
And by his friends obtain'd a post.

My lord, with what was giv'n content,
Pack'd up his awls, to Flanders went ;

Nor

Nor wou'd my lady stay behind ;
 But, spite of wint'ry seas and wind,
 Did with her husband risk her life,
 To shew her duty as a wife.
 The voyage ended with content,
 Her ladyship did stay at Ghent :
 My lord stay'd out a whole campaign,
 Then to his wife return'd again.

My lady was both young and gay,
 And, while her husband was away,
 Had past her time in soft delights ;
 Mirth blest'd her days, love crown'd her nights.
 Lovers she had, at least a dozen,
 Among the rest his lordship's cousin ;
 A gallant man, and handsome too,
 Who never did successless woo.
 Each day he to the fair one came,
 And gave great pleasure to the dame.
 But now her husband was return'd,
 For want of joy my lady mourn'd :

They cou'd not meet whene'er they wou'd,
Yet met as often as they cou'd.

One night my lord came fluster'd home,
And sent in haste for cousin TOM :
He joyful came, as was desir'd ;
They sup'd ; the servants all retir'd.
My lady stay'd, as may be guess'd,
His lordship toasted to the best :
TOM on my lady star'd, and smil'd,
While she look'd harmless as a child.

My lord a ranting speech began,
And over his perfections ran ;
He prais'd himself for this and that,
And said, Dear TOM, my—you know what,
Is larger, nay is longer too,
Than what can be produc'd by you.

The well-bred colonel, blushing, sat,
And smiling said, How know you that ?

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But 'tis not fit discourse I think.
 My lord, who was o'erpow'r'd with drink,
 Believing this a great affront,
 Said, I'll lay fifty pounds upon't.
 The colonel said, I'll wager none,
 And begg'd he'd let the theme alone.
 My lord insisted more and more,
 And scarce from shewing it forbore.

The dame cou'd scarce from laughing hold;
 Yet said, My life, put up your gold,
 For such a bet some other chuse,
 For, were't a million, you wou'd lose.

TALE

T A L E XXVII.

The E X C U S E.

AN honest man, in wane of life,
Had got a young and wanton wife,
Who, tho' she never gave offence,
Was fond of due benevolence.
Her husband play'd a husband's part,
And lov'd his wife with all his heart ;
But yet she made demands that he
Had little pow'r to gratify.

One

One night, as in their bed they lay,
 The wife did long for wanton play :
 She kiss'd, she tickl'd, and she toy'd,
 And wantonly her hands employ'd :
 Betwixt his lips her tongue she thrust,
 And shew'd a deal of lawful lust :
 But spouse was unprepared quite,
 And sleep preferr'd to soft delight :
 But, by his wife's endearments, guess'd
 It was in vain to hope for rest :
 He found himself for love unfit,
 Yet sav'd his credit by his wit ;
 For, giving her a close embrace,
 He with his finger touch'd the place,
 And, smelling at it, sighing, said,
 You are not well I am afraid :
 Then whisper'd softly in her ear,
 Your marygold doth stink, my dear.

Lord help your head, reply'd the wife,
 I ne'er was better in my life !

'Tis

'Tis fresh and sweet, indeed it is ;
 Then gave her spouse a glowing kiss,
 Who answer'd to the fair one's sorrow,
 If sweet, let's keep it till to-morrow.

TALE

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T A L E XXVIII.

The ADVENTURE.

WHoever has at London been,
Must sure have heard o., if not seen,
A strapping maid of quality,
Full five feet and nine inches high,
Whose chiefest pleasures are to vex
The men, and kiss the other sex ;
In blooming beauties takes delight,
And passes many a happy night
Within their arms ; but I declare,
I cannot guess what she doth there.

Yet

Yet sure she has some hidden charms
 To draw the females to her arms,
 Else mistress JANE cou'd never make
 A loving wife her spouse forsake,
 And from his warm embraces fly,
 To run to hers, and useless ly :
 But wherein this her pow'r consists,
 I leave to skill'd anatomists.

To prove what I have said is truth,
 A lady in the bloom of youth,
 By mankind gaz'd on with surprise,
 For shape, for face, and brilliant eyes,
 Who in each bosom rais'd a flame,
 And conquer'd wheresoe'er she came ;
 Yet all her lovers sigh'd in vain :
 She view'd their ardours with disdain,
 And to her spouse continu'd true,
 Who fonder by enjoyment grew,
 Till Mrs. JANE's prevailing charms
 Rais'd in her soul such strange alarms,

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That from her husband she withdrew,
 And wedlock's joys insipid grew :
 She did her loving mate despise,
 And look'd on men with scornful eyes :
 But, soon as Mrs. JANE appear'd,
 From frowns and clouds her brow was clear'd ;
 Her sparkling eyes were all on fire,
 Her bosom heav'd with strong desire ;
 Each look, and all she did, betray'd
 Her passion for the man-like maid.

Her husband, without discontent,
 Beheld a flame so innocent ;
 He saw them hug, he saw them kiss,
 He heard them talk of joy and bliss,
 Of friendship, and the Lord knows what,
 Ne'er dreaming what they would be at :
 And, far from doubting any plot,
 Was glad his wife a friend had got,
 With whom she might employ her time,
 Free from suspicion of a crime.

At

At last the fair, and Mrs. JANE,
 Resolv'd for once to shift the scene,
 To leave the hurry of the court,
 And to some rural seat resort,
 Where they might follow out their loves
 Near purling brooks and shady groves.

The fearless husband gave consent,
 And to his seat the lovers went,
 Where, uncontroll'd, they sport and kiss,
 And pass'd their nights and days in bliss.

One day Miss JANE forsook her bed,
 And the half-weary'd fair one led
 To view the beauties of the spring,
 And hear the birds their carols sing;
 And there, beneath a flow'ry lime,
 In songs and kisses pass'd their time.
 The meadows FLORA's liv'ry wore,
 And ev'ry tree its blossoms bore.
 There they did feast each ravish'd sense,
 The flow'rs their native sweets dispense,

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The warbling birds did strain their throats
 To charm their ears with tuneful notes ;
 Wood strawberries delight their taste,
 A delicate, tho' rural, feast ;
 A charming prospect fill'd their eyes,
 That gave them pleasure and surprise ;
 And Mrs. JANE knew well the art
 To make the touch delight the heart.

Thrice happy pair, who could employ
 Your hours in such transporting joy !
 But when the sun, with glowing heat,
 Did on their wanton bosoms beat,
 To shun the scorching of his beams,
 They went to bathe in crystal streams.

They scarce had to the river got,
 Ere Mrs. JANE beheld a boat
 By oars to the margin ty'd ;
 Aboard, my dear, aboard she cry'd :
 Let's row this galley for a while,
 The fair obey'd her with a smile.

Each

Each took an oar, they shove from land,
 But neither could an oar command :
 The boat went down the rapid tide,
 In vain they try'd to reach the side :
 Their rashness they repent in vain,
 And, trembling, hurry to the main.
 Miss JANE cry'd out with all her might,
 Till two young farmers came in sight,
 Who, seeing them in such distress,
 Soon laid aside their useless dress,
 And, hasten'd by the ladies screams,
 With brawny arms divide the streams.
 They reach'd the boat, each took an oar,
 And brought her quickly to the shore.

But yet the landing-place was steep,
 The bank was high, the water deep ;
 The fair one plung'd into the flood,
 And to the ancles stood in mud :
 The youngest farmer jump'd to land,
 And to her gave his helping hand ;

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He pull'd her safe upon the green,
 Then run to succour Mrs. JANE,
 Who trembling stood, half dead with fear,
 Not for herself, but for her dear;
 But seeing she had got to land,
 In haste let go the farmer's hand,
 And, falling headlong in the stream,
 The charmer gave a dreadful scream:
 The fellow gave her timely aid,
 And from the water dragg'd the maid.

A drowning wretch, as people say,
 Will grasp whate'er is in his way:
 And Mrs. JANE, as I am told,
 Upon a certain place laid hold,
 That she had thought the greatest crime
 To look on at another time:
 But danger made her lay aside
 Her silly prud'ry, and her pride,
 And keep the member in her hand
 Until she safe arriv'd at land:

Then

Then to the fair one run in haste,
And press'd her closely to her breast.

Who, smiling, whisper'd in her ear,
I did not think that you, my dear,
Your spotless fingers would defile
By touching any thing so vile.

To this the man-like maid reply'd,
What I have done can't be deny'd :
Then with her hand her blushes hid,
I reason had for what I did :
My feet stuck fast within the mud,
I fear'd to perish in the flood.
I hate mankind with all my heart,
Yet I did chuse to grasp that part,
Because I've heard my mother preach
It never could the bottom teach.

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T A L E XXIX.

The gray MARE the better HORSE.

SOME men I've known, by indiscretion
Of parents in their education,
Who fear'd their sons would ne'er do good
If any thing they understood ;
And kept them back, with mighty care,
From conversation with the fair,
Left they should taste the joys of life
Ere ty'd for ever to a wife :
I've known such men as these, I say,
Transported on their wedding day,

In

In hopes to taste the long'd-for bliss,
 And freely toy, and freely kiss ;
 But, knowing nothing of the joy,
 Fondly believ'd they would destroy
 The tender females ; well they knew
 That they the rapture could renew
 Whene'er they pleas'd : 'twas thus they thought,
 But soon their schemes fell all to nought ;
 For when they join'd in am'rous fight,
 In spite of all their boasted might,
 The women always won the day,
 And weary'd them with wanton play :
 They in the pastime took delight,
 Whether at morning, noon or night ;
 Whene'er the men were that way bent,
 They ever found their wives content.

Not long ago a friend of mine,
 An able, clever, young divine,
 Told me, upon his wedding-day,
 He fear'd he might his NANNY slay,

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She seem'd so young, and look'd so slender,
That sure his Something would offend her ;
For I might see it by his figure,
He had too much of love and vigour.

I smiling told him, that his wife
Was in no danger of her life ;
For I had heard it often said,
'Twas folly to believe a maid
Would suffer in an am'rous quarrel,
If she was once as high's a barrel ;
For, let her be howe'er so young,
Something will be as wide's the bung.

The doctor at my fancy smil'd,
Yet was in terror for the child.
Next day I to his levee came,
And gravely ask'd him if his dame
Was still alive ? He sighing said,
There is no killing of a maid :
I thought she would have cry'd, or chid,
But NANNY smil'd at all I did.

She hugg'd me closely to her breast,
 And no uneasiness express'd ;
 My utmost vigour I employ'd,
 In hopes the fair one would be cloy'd ;
 I toil'd and toil'd the live-long night,
 But she, transported with delight,
 The more I did, the more desir'd,
 Till I, my friend, was soundly tir'd :
 And, getting up, the bride did say,
 You rise, my dear, before 'tis day ;
 Then added, with a leering smile,
 Ly down, my dear, and rest a while.
 Ly down, said I ! nay, now ye jest me ;
 No, no, my dear, I'll rise to rest me.

TALE

T A L E X X X .

The S U T L E R .

IT happen'd in Flanders, when **LOUIS LE**
GRAND

Beat th' allies each year under **WILLIAM'S**
command,

The confederates, seeing they fought but in
vain,

Did wisely resolve to break up the campaign ;
The weather was cold, to quarters they went,
But whether to Brussels, to Bruges, or Ghent,
Or Bergen-op-zoom, it doth not avail

A groat to the public, far less to my tale :

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But

But, as I was saying, the tents were all struck;
Amongst them a sutler's, who had the good
luck

To have a large purse to the strings full of
gold,

In return of the meat and the wine he had sold:
A large cover'd waggon he had of his own,
And four as good horses as ever were known ;
In this he inclosed his wife and his pelf,
And, for saving expences, he drove it himself.

I often have heard it, and think it is right,
A purse very heavy makes a heart very light³
'Twas so with the sutler, who whistled all day,
Till he met with a party of French by the way,
Who seiz'd on his waggon, search'd him and
his wife,

And put him in bodily fear of his life.
He curs'd his hard fortune, and his cruel stars,
And rail'd at the men who delighted in wars.

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His goods taken from him, and stripp'd to the
skin,

In sorrowful pickle he went to an inn,
Where he sigh'd, and he griev'd, and complain'd
of his fate ;

At last he was cheer'd by his kind loving mate,
Who said to him, ROBIN, pray be not cast
down,

In a pint of Geneva our sorrows we'll drown.
Alas' said the man, you're distracted, I think,
I have not a farthing to pay for the drink.

No matter, said she, and look'd with a smile,
I did the damn'd party in some sort beguile.
Then drew out a purse twice as big as your fist,
Tho' they search'd me, said she, this treasure
they miss'd ;

Then prythee be cheerful. This gave him new
life,

He wept, and he laugh'd, and he ogl'd his
wife ;

And, leering upon her, said, Tell me, my dear ;
Where was this purse hidden which now I see
here ?

She

She smil'd on her spouse, then laugh'd in
his face ;

I conceal'd it, said she, in a secret place
With which you're acquainted. He said, My
dear life,

I see you're a careful and provident wife ;
You've done very well, but you'd had more
to brag on,

If you there had concealed the horses and
waggon.

TALE

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TALE XXXI.

FOUL PLAY.

WALKING thro' Fleetstreet on a time,
I saw a 'prentice, in his prime,
Come running from a house in haste,
As if by twenty devils chas'd ;
His face with blood was all besmear'd,
And on his head a wound appear'd.
This sight about him quickly drew
Of gazing fools an idle crew,
Till one, some wiser than the rest,
Call'd LOVELL, thus the youth address'd :

Dear

Dear cousin, I am quite confounded
To see your head thus sadly wounded ;
Pray tell me, WILL, who did the deed ?
For I am vex'd to see you bleed.

WILLIAM reply'd, I'll all declare :
My master's wife is very fair ;
But he's an old and fumbling beast,
And jealousy disturbs his breast ;
For, wanting youth, and wanting vigour,
He's angry at my handsome figure,
And thinks, in spite of our concealing,
His wife and I have private dealing.
This put him to a deal of pain,
And has at last quite turn'd his brain :
Just now he lurk'd within the house,
On purpose to surprise his spouse,
Who, being from suspicion free,
Had set her down upon my knee,
And, kissing me, as she was wont,
I kindly took her by the — ;

On

On this the wretch, good master LOVELL,
 Came in with a curs'd paring shovel,
 And, like a villain, knock'd me down,
 Making this gash across my crown ;
 Again he did his blow repeat,
 Till I was fain to make retreat ;
 This is the reason why I bleed.
 Your case is very hard indeed,
 Said LOVELL ; let me understand,
 Had you got nothing in your hand,
 To save you from the cuckold's strokes ?
 WILL frowning said, None of your jokes ;
 I had his wife's ——, master LOVELL,
 But what's a —— to a paring shovel.

T A L E XXXII.

OLD REEKY.

IN Edinburgh, fam'd for oysters and drink,
For noise in the morning, in th' ev'ning for
stink,

I hear, for, thank heav'n, I never was there,
A dozen of families live in one stair ;
By this means the stairs are crowded all day,
And ladies and coal-bearers oft in your way ;
So

So sometimes your shins, and sometimes your
heart,

As providence orders, may happen to smart.

But, when night comes on, your danger grows
great,

The stairs are all winding, they're steep, and
they're strait ;

And, if you are rash, and not circumspect,

Each step that you take you venture your neck :

No lantern, no lamp, nor one kind of light,

Is us'd in that city to guide you aright.

A comical fellow, who lately was there,
Declar'd, that, one ev'ning in climbing a stair,
His hand held before him, as still he was wont,
Went plump to the knuckles in a lady's ——:
The inside was hot, and the outside was furr'd,
But yet its dumb owner spoke never a word,
But kick'd like a devil. At last she cry'd out,
You fumbling blockhead, what are you about ?

By

[132]

By G—d, said the fellow, who laugh'd at
the joke,
I'm glad that your ladyship silence has broke ;
Since you are a woman, I'll give you a f—king,
But I thought you a cow, by your——and
your kicking.

TALE

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T A L E X X X I I I .

The R A V E N .

IN Wiltshire, where the farmers keep
Upon the downs great flocks of sheep,
There dwelt an honest thrifty swain,
Adjoining to the famous plain
Of Salisbury, and it was there
He graz'd and fed his woolly care.

To him his teeming female bore
Eight sons, and daughters half a score ;
And, if that children blessings be,
None in the shire so bless'd as he ;

Whilst

Whilst he, a foe to idleness,
To make their charge in breeding less,
In something useful did employ
Each prating girl and forward boy :
And thus he liv'd a happy life,
Pleas'd with his children and his wife,
Until his wealth made noise, and then
His sons got farms, his daughters men.

Yet SALLY at her father's staid,
And, tho' fifteen, was still a maid,
Lovely as any e'er beheld,
And all her sisters far excell'd
In shape and face, but then her mind
Was of a very different kind :
No sort of work could SALLY do,
She silly was, and nothing knew.

Her father griev'd, but 'twas in vain,
He sent her out upon the plain,
With scrip and bottle by her side,
In hopes that she at last might guide

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His fleecy care, his much-lov'd sheep;
But still the fair one fell asleep;
The flock went wand'ring here and there,
Sure proof of SALLY's want of care.

The father chid the drowsy dame :
She wept, but next day 'twas the same.
She could not guard her eyes from sleep,
And ev'ry week she lost a sheep.
The father fretted, SALLY cry'd.
A thousand different ways he try'd
To make her careful, but in vain ;
She slept and slumber'd on the plain.
At last he gravely told the maid,
If she slept thus, he was afraid
The ravens, as they soar'd about,
Her eyes some day would nibble out.

Poor SALLY trembled for her eyes,
She knew papa would tell no lies,
Yet she was sure she could not keep,
If she sat down, her eyes from sleep :

So to the field she weeping went,
Oppress'd with grief and discontent ;
But, ere that she had walk'd a mile,
The changeling thought upon a wile
To save her eyes from all mishap,
Yet get a comfortable nap. .

Upon her back she laid her down,
Pull'd up her petticoats and gown ;
Her milk-white smock and apron blue,
All these quite o'er her head she threw ;
To guard her eyes (her greatest care)
She left her other members bare.

As thus she lay upon the plain,
Chance brought that way a youthful swain,
Who, quite astonish'd at the sight,
View'd SALLY's limbs with great delight :
That it was SALLY well he knew,
Both by her gown and apron blue.
He long had lov'd the charming maid,
But of her folly was afraid,

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And could not think to pass his life
 With such a silly, simple wife.
 Oft he had met the beauteous dame,
 As oft had whisper'd her his flame,
 Had leer'd upon her, squeez'd her hand,
 Yet could not make her understand
 His meaning, others being by,
 And wanting opportunity :
 Now, seeing how the fair one lay,
 He could no longer bear delay,
 But, fir'd with gazing on her charms,
 Rush'd in at once, nor fear'd alarms.

The idiot wak'd with great surprise,
 And thought the ravens pick'd her eyes ;
 But when she found that they were safe,
 The silly fool began to laugh :
 Nor did she in the least complain,
 Although he put her to some pain ;
 But, stammering, said, You graceless bird,
 You've miss'd your aim, upon my word,
 And,

And, while you nibble at that part,
 You're welcome to't with all my heart;
 Nor will I struggle, squall, nor squeak,
 Although you had a longer beak :
 I own it is of monstrous size,
 But yet too short to reach my eyes.

T A L E

T A L E X X X I V .

SMALL PRINT.

I Knew a judge, alas the day !
Death took the honest man away ;
He was my true, my steady friend,
And so continued to the end.
Tho' old, he had a deal of wit,
Whole days we would together sit,
Together sup, together dine,
Sometimes drink arrac, sometimes wine.
Pen, ink, and paper, still were by,
For oft we did the rhyming try ;

Our

Our lines were from illnature free,
Which made us never disagree.

One day, when weary'd on the bench,
He to a tavern went to quench
His raging thirst ; I met him there,
And, while they did the bowl prepare,
I from my pocket gravely drew
A poem was entirely new.
On this he took his glasses out,
And straightway clap'd them cross his snout,
But thought it would not be amiss,
Ere he began, to go and p—.

The careless waiter had forgot
To set down a clean chamberpot,
So to the door the honest judge
Did, without once complaining, trudge ;
But thoughtlessly (as I suppose)
Still kept the glasses on his nose.

While thus employ'd, a maid came by,
Who did his dwarfish member spy ;

And :

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And much offended with the sight,
 Cry'd out, Your honour's in the right,
 With spectacles perhaps you'll see
 What otherwise would hidden be :
 For me, I vow to God, -I'd squint,
 If I were put to read such print.

T A L E

T A L E XXXV.

The Boots.

THink not, my friend, you love in vain,
Tho' CHLOE treats you with disdain,
Nay, tho' she frowns at all you say,
And scornful turns her head away ;
Yet let not that disturb your mind,
The fair one may at last be kind ;
For there's in love one happy hour,
In which few women have the pow'r

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To cross a wanton inclination,
Or struggle with a strong temptation ;
But if the lucky minute's lost,
You never can a conquest boast.

I know the truth of what I say,
I've let that minute slip away :
Long time I waited, but in vain,
It never more came back again.
But I in love affairs was raw,
And of the fair one stood in awe :
I thought her chaste as turtle-dove,
For I confess I was in love ;
And freely own it to my shame,
That it was I who was to blame,
As she has oftentimes confessed,
And of my folly made a jest.
But men are wiser grown of late,
And real love is out of date :
Few know the soft respectful passion,
While lewdness is become the fashion ;

Seducing

Seducing widows, maidens, wives,
 'Is all the pleasure of their lives ;
 And, tho' they find the fair one shy,
 And what they ask with scorn deny,
 Yet they do not their suit give o'er,
 Resistance but inflames the more ;
 And, tho' at first their projects fail,
 They think by time for to prevail ;
 The icky minute watch with care,
 And hope at last to gain the fair.

Such men as these, I must confess,
 Both meet with, and deserve success.
 That perseverance will prevail,
 I shall illustrate by a tale.

A handsome captain, young and gay,
 With some dragoons at Limerick lay,
 And with a Quaker quarter'd there,
 Whose wife was to a wonder fair :
 The captain view'd her with surprise,
 Admir'd her features, shape and eyes.

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She seem'd so form'd to give delight,
That, quite transported with the sight,
He scarcely could conceal the flame
Rais'd in his bosom by the dame.

The Quaker knew his wife was fair,
And did not for young captains care ;
For, being far advanc'd in years,
He was not free from jealous fears;
Since JUDITH, spite of all her dress,
Was full of love and wantonness ;
Was ever smiling, always gay :
Yet she had never gone astray,
But what she had not done, she might ;
This kept EZEKIEL in a fright.

The captain, though exceeding young,
Had wit and a deluding tongue :
Whene'er he with EZEKIEL sat,
He still complain'd of this and that,
And seem'd to be so very nice,
He scarce could pardon any vice ;

Regreted all the crying crimes
That are so frequent in our times :
At drunkenness he loudly rail'd,
And swearing that so much prevail'd ;
Against uncleanness much inveigh'd,
And gravely said he was a maid.

Thus did he talk, in hopes to gain
EZEKIEL's favour, but in vain ;
The Quaker was not apt to bite,
But thought him a young hypocrite,
And always was upon his guard,
Nor for his cant a farthing car'd.

But, when with JUDITH left alone,
The youthful captain chang'd his tone ;
He talk'd of love, of flames, and darts,
Of killing eyes, and wounded hearts :
And, falling down upon his knees,
Did on her slender fingers seize,
And swore that he would die for grief
If she deny'd him kind relief.

'Twas

'Twas thus he told his am'rous pain,
 But all he said was spoke in vain ;
 For JUDITH, without frown or smile,
 Stood list'ning to him all the while ;
 And when she saw that he was done,
 She laugh'd aloud, and thus begun :

I tell thee, friend, thou art deceiv'd,
 If thou hast fillily believ'd,
 Because that I was young and gay,
 And pass the time in mirth away,
 That therefore I was lewdly given,
 And did not fear the wrath of heaven :
 Know, friend, thou art mistaken quite,
 For, tho' in laughing I delight,
 I am not that abandon'd fool
 As e'er to swerve from virtue's rule :
 I still shall laugh, and still be gay,
 And, spite of all that thou canst say,
 Shall lead an honest virtuous life,
 And be EZEKIEL's faithful wife,

Altho' he is long past his youth :
Believe me, friend, I speak the truth.

The captain sigh'd at what she spoke,
Yet hop'd the fair one was in joke ;
But, to his grief, he found it true,
She never more complacent grew,
And, tho' a thousand ways he try'd
Her virtue, was as oft deny'd ;
Till, quite o'ercome with discontent,
One day he to the country went,
And with him took dog, gun, and net,
In hopes he might his love forget :
But while that JUDITH was unkind,
He could nor sport nor pleasure find ;
So gave his tackle to the groom,
And straight returned to his room ;
Where being come, he saw a sight,
That fill'd his soul with great delight ;
'Twas lovely JUDITH all alone,
Who, for a frolic, had put on

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His winter boots. When this he spy'd,
 The happy youth in raptures cry'd,
 You're mine : and, without more ado,
 Upon the bed the charmer threw.
 The lucky minute now was come,
 Surprise had struck poor JUDITH dumb ;
 Upon the bed she speechless lay,
 And let the captain take his way ;
 But what he did I do not know.
 EZEKIEL, who was set below,
 Hearing the noise upon the floor,
 Run up, and peeping thro' the door,
 Beheld four legs upon the bed,
 One pair in boots, and one in red.

Away he run down stairs in haste,
 As if by twenty devils chas'd :
 The loving couple heard the noise,
 And JUDITH knew her cuckold's voice :
 Away the fatal boots she threw,
 Kiss'd the dear captain, and withdrew.

He

She

She found EZEKIEL in the hall,
 And fear'd he had discover'd all :
 Poor man ! he shook from head to foot,
 And mutter'd something of a boot,
 While JUDITH trembled at his look,
 Yet happily the cause mistook.

The captain too came down the stair,
 To see an end of this affair :
 But old EZEKIEL cry'd, Avaunt !
 Out of my house, vile miscreant !
 You spoke of whoredom with despite,
 Yet art thyself a Sodomite,
 And did that deed with a dragoon,
 That brought down fire on Sodom town ;
 I saw the boots—too much I saw,
 Thy life is forfeit by the law ;
 But if thou'lt leave this house to-day,
 Of what I've seen I'll nothing say.

The captain swore 'twas a mistake ;
 I'm not, said he, so great a rake :

I had a swimming in my head,
That made me ly upon the bed ;
And, if you will go up the stair,
You'll find the boots still lying there.

Away the wife and EZEKIEL went.
He found the boots, and was content.

T A L E

TALE XXXVI.

MARION'S DREAM.

HOW foolish is't in them to say,
That what we think on all the day,
Whether it give us pain or joy,
Doth still our nightly thoughts employ,
Since priests will in their thoughts blaspheme,
And holy nuns of lewdness dream,
Altho' their thoughts, from morn to even,
Are fix'd on nothing else but heaven.

Nay,

Nay, protestants, who pass their time
Without once thinking on a crime,
And are of ev'ry sin afraid,
By wanton dreams may be betray'd.

For proof of this, a man I knew
In Edinburgh, nam'd honest HUGH,
Who, tho' his drink he kindly took,
Put on a sanctified look,
For which some wicked men, in spite,
Would call him HUGH the hypocrite.

This man had got a zealous wife,
For virtue fam'd and holy life ;
Who lov'd her spouse with all her heart,
Nor from her duty did depart.

One night (what I'm to tell is true)
The dame with laughing waken'd HUGH ;
Who, vex'd to have his slumbers broke,
Thus to his wife, half-yawning, spoke :

G 5

My

My dear, I wish you would delay
Your ill-tim'd mirth till break of day.

Alas ! she cry'd, my dream's so droll,
I can't forbear it for my soul :
I dream'd that I and lucky KEITH
Were standing on the shore at Leith,
(As is our custom ev'ry year,)
When a fine ship came to the pier ;
But judge, my dear, with what surprise
We look'd, when just before our eyes,
We saw the captain on the deck,
Who sold stiff p——les by the peck,
Some large, some small, some middle siz'd ;
But I, who still the greatest priz'd,
Pick'd out a bushel of the best,
And threw to greenlick girls the rest.
'Twas wisely done, indeed, said HUGH ;
But pray, good MARION, tell me true,
Did you see any p——k so fine,
So large, so long, so stiff as mine ?

As

As yours ! reply'd the laughing wife, .
 I swear to you, my dearest life,
 In chusing mine I threw a peck
 Of better p——ks out o'er the deck. .

T A L E

d;

As

TALE XXXVII.

The REBUKE.

I Always thought it want of sense,
And the worst kind of impudence,
In men who are for love unfit,
Yet ever are attempting it,
Since women, when they find the cheat,
Can never pardon the deceit ;
And whate'er face they put upon't,
Will soon or late revenge th' affront.

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Not long ago a well-known rake,
 Who still was lewd for lewdness sake,
 One ev'ning, when 'twas wearing dark,
 Went out a strolling to the park ;
 Where he did meet a harlot gay,
 Who soar'd about in hope of prey.
 The rake, well vers'd in such affairs,
 Soon guess'd her meaning by her airs,
 And, going briskly up, began,
 No farther look, for I'm your man.

My man, said she, I know you not ;
 What do you mean, you drunken sot ?
 Not know me, said the forward spark !
 Faith, madam, tho' the night grows dark,
 Yet you may know me by this mark :
 Then in her hand he something laid,
 At which the strumpet seem'd afraid.

}

What's that, said she, you wicked beast ?
 The fellow, tickled with the jest,

Apply'd

Apply'd his lips close to her ear,
And said, It is my p——k, my dear.

Thy p——k ! she cry'd in great surprise ;
A p——k, and of so small a size !
It either is your little finger,
Or you're a vile Italian finger.

T A L E

prife ;

TALE XXXVIII.

A RIDICULOUS DISCOVERY.

I'M far from thinking women bad,
Yet whores for certain may be had ;
And since no man can be secure
The wife he takes is chaste and pure,
Until he tries her, and e'en then
Tricks may be play'd to cunning men.
Since this is very oft the way,
Men should be cautious what they say,
Nor make a bustle, or a noise
Of maidenheads and wedlock joys ;

Left,

Left, talking in an idle strain,
 They something hear may give them pain ;
 Especially if 'tis not known
 The dame they talk of is their own :
 For men, when overpow'r'd with wine,
 To tell adventures oft incline,
 And to a husband may discover
 He was his wife's successful lover.

This happen'd to a man I knew,
 (What I'm to tell is really true)
 A silly fellow, black and tall,
 Whom I, for sound, shall captain call ;
 Altho' that a lieutenant's post
 Was all this man of war could boast ;
 Who, tho' he was almost a sot,
 Yet had good store of money got ;
 But, weary'd of a single life,
 Wisely resolv'd to take a wife.

The major's daughter, young and gay,
 Had stole his booby heart away :

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Of all her sex she was his choice,
 She seem'd to him a mine of joys ;
 And that he would be surely blest'd,
 If she would grant him his request ;
 While she, who n'er had man deny'd,
 As soon as ask'd, with joy comply'd.

The silly captain, join'd for life,
 Was hugely happy in his wife ;
 And, tho' it was but early day,
 Would not the nuptial rites delay ;
 But threw her down upon a bed,
 And took (he thought) her maidenhead.
 Tho' this had put him in a sweat,
 He did again the joy repeat.
 Then, smiling, told her, that at night
 He'd take his fill of dear delight ;
 But now he had some miles to ride:
 Farewell, said he, my lovely bride ;
 Then straightways to a sutler's tent,
 To meet some friends, in raptures went,
 Who,

Who, angry at his long delay,
Ask'd what the devil made him stay.

To this the captain, smiling, said,
I own that I too long have staid,
But, when the reason's understood,
You'll grant that my excuse is good:
I from the major's just now came,
And, spurr'd and booted as I am,
I twice did f——k his daughter NAN.
Pray am not I a happy man?
For, by my soul, I tell you true.

Others have done't as well as you,
A furly officer reply'd:
Last night I that fine virgin try'd,
And can't admit of your excuse,
Since I thrice f——'d her in my shoes.

The captain said, Upon my life
You joke, for NANNY is my wife.

T A L E

TALE XXXIX.

The TELL-TALE.

WHEN youthful blood distends the veins,
Love fills the heart, and fires the brains,
Makes virgins dream they toy and kiss,
And long to taste substantial bliss.

Since this with females is the way,
And thus they wish both night and day ;
Then, without witchcraft, one may guess
Their thoughts, by what their looks express ;
And what discourse may pass between
Two wishing maidens of fifteen.

To

To prove what I have said is truth,
 Two sisters in the bloom of youth,
 Born by their mother at a birth,
 O'ercharg'd with blood, and full of mirth;
 Alike in features, shape and air,
 With sparkling eyes and flaxen hair;
 With lips like any coral red,
 And lilies o'er their bosoms spread;
 For ever smiling, always gay,
 And, spite of what mamma could say,
 About the town all day would roam,
 And scarcely stay one hour at home.

My lady was an arrant prude,
 And could not bear such latitude;
 Was formal, froward, stiff, and nice,
 Each morning rail'd at sin and vice,
 And gave her daughters sage advice:
 But all in vain, it would not do,
 The girls had something else in view;
 And still went gadding up and down
 To each amusement in the town.

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Until mamma, in angry tone,
Vow'd, if they would not let alone
Their idle ways, her skill she'd try,
And lock them up three stories high.

As thus my lady, like to choke,
In anger to the fair ones spoke,
A daughter younger by some years,
For her dear sisters shew'd her fears ;
Yet, smiling to mamma, did say,
I know a sure and certain way
Will make my sisters keep the house.
Pray what is that, my little mouse ?
My lady said, and on her smil'd.
Get them stiff p——les, said the child ;
Whether they sit, or ly, or walk,
Of p——les they for ever talk ;
'Tis that they wish for, that they want,
And if you will their wishes grant,
I'll lay my life that they shall stay
Within the house both night and day.

T A L E

TALE XL.

The DYING TOAST.

A Charming toast, upon a time,
Seiz'd with a deep decay,
Whose beauty wither'd in her prime,
Upon her death-bed lay.

Two virtuous virgins, fair and young,
Sat silent by the maid ;
At last the eldest found her tongue,
And to the other said :

Believe me child, I tell you truth,
You know I never lied,
Of all the p — ks that, from my youth,
I to this day have tried,

Our

Our parson's is by far the best,
 'Tis full ten inches long ;
 It upwards to his belly press'd,
 'Tis stiff, 'tis hard, 'tis strong.

The very thought on't gives delight,
 Atho' it be but thin,
 Yet, when he lay with me last night,
 Nine times he thrust it in.

'Twas thus the eldest sister spoke,
 And thus the young reply'd :
 Your long and thin are but a joke,
 Such bawbles I have try'd :

Our curate's is by far more strong,
 'Tis he alone can charm ;
 For, tho' it is not quite so long,
 'Tis twice as great's my arm.

Last night he to my bed did creep,
 Altho' disguis'd with drink,
 Yet eight times, ere he went to sleep,
 He fill'd up ev'ry chink.

The

The curate shall be welcome still,
 He cures my soul of grief;
 He nobly doth my pulpit fill,
 And gives my heart relief.

The charming curate is my choice,
 Do you the parson keep.
 At last their dispute made a noise,
 That broke the fair one's sleep.

With joy the chaste debate she heard,
 And, turning on her breech,
 Her head above the clothes she rear'd,
 And made this dying speech :

Dear friends, were I to chuse a p——,
 Cry'd out the gasping toast,
 I'd have it long—I'd have it thick—
 And then gave up the ghost.

A

B

A S O N G.

MISS NANNY, young and innocent,
Last night was made a bride;
But long ere day, in discontent,
She did kind WILLIE chide.

Base wretch, she said, and then she wept,
Why told you things untrue?
Wou'd I my maidenhead had kept,
Or not have giv'n't to you.

To honour you have no regard,
You false, you perjur'd man,
How could you swear it was a yard,
When it is scarce a span?

VOL. II.

H

THE

T H E

Duke of Argyle's Levee:

Spoken by Colonel CHARTRES, and wrote
by the late Lord BINNING.

———*Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.*

VIRG.

WITH other Scots the other day,
I waited on ARGYLE,
Than whom no better patriot breathes
Within our British isle.

Sing,

Sing, muse, who never sang before,
 How well we were receiv'd ;
 And what he said, and eke also,
 How nobly we behav'd.

Long time we had not held chit-chat
 Before his grace appear'd ;
 And with his ever pleasing air
 Our hearts and faces cheer'd.

He beck'n'd us up, all one by one,
 And spoke to each so pat,
 That all well pleas'd his levee left
 But I, who smelt a rat.

Then to * ANSTRUTHER, in the van
 Advancing, were his words,
 " Nor ours, nor any foreign land,
 A hawk like yours affords :

H 2

So

* Colonel Anstruthers

So Richmond's duke, of hawks the judge,
 Assur'd me t'other day."
 PHILIP bow'd low, and thank'd his grace,
 And went well pleas'd away.

To Colonel SINCLAIR : " T'other day,
 I was well pleas'd to see
 The British coffee-house so chang'd
 From what it us'd to be.

Your SARAH charms, it grows polite,
 As God my soul shall save."
 With low obeisance, hearty thanks
 The grateful Colonel gave.

The * advocate, with rev'rence great,
 Advancing was to speak ;
 But, like the rest, he was struck dumb,
 With cheek apply'd to cheek.

" The

* Duncan Forbes, Esq;

“ The lawyers in our house declare,
That no man speaks like you ;
Your rhet’ric charms.” Then DUNCAN bow’d,
And own’d his grace spoke true.

Then * Colonels JACK and PETER drew
Together near his grace :

“ PETER ! thou hast a martial soul,
And, JACK, a handsome face ;

Were you two blended both in one,
Lord ! how you’d look and fight !”
Then PETER bow’d, wheel’d to the left,
And JACK unto the right.

Then to † Culloden said the duke,
“ Now tell me, JOHN, sincere,
Whether eight bottles ’tis, or ten,
You drink to your own ‡ skair !”

Culloden

* Colonels John (*now Duke of Argyle*) and Peter
Campbells.

† John Forbes of Culloden, Esq;

‡ *Share.*

Culloden bow'd, and thank'd his grace
For such a kindly word ;
And vow'd to God his grace spake like
An angel of the Lord.

Then forward * BRODIE made a step,
In whose attentive ear
His grace was pleas'd to whisper, but
So loud as we could hear :

“ The ladies in the town declare,
That no man kifs'd so well.”
Thelaird laugh'd much, and thank'd his grace;
But said, “ They should not tell.”

Then Colonel MIDDLETON advanc'd,
A necessary man ;
Who well might, if the muse had pleas'd,
Been welcom'd to the van :

“ My

* Alexander Brodie, Esq; Lyon King at Arms.

"My friend, I hope your lady's well."

"She's well to serve your grace."

Both smil'd, and bow'd, and smil'd again

In one another's face.

Six times had * HARRY bow'd unseen,

Before he durst advance :

The duke then turning round, well pleas'd,

Said, "Sure you've been in France :

A more polite and jaunty mien

I never saw before."

Then HARRY bow'd, and blush'd, and bow'd,

And strutted to the door.

To honest † JOHN, who made a leg,

"Ah! honest SKIP," said he.

And SKIP was well content with that.

His grace then turn'd to me ‡ :

"Ah !

* Harry Cuningham of Boquhan, Esq; † John
Campbell of Skipnish, Esq; ‡ Colonel Chartres.

“ Ah ! CHARTRES ! ” — “ Blood and wounds,
my lord,”

I answer'd : and his Grace
Was going to reply, when lo !
Great † DANIEL show'd his face.

At sight of him low bow'd the peer,
And DANIEL deign'd a nod :
“ I saw Sir ROBERT, and 'tis done.”
“ You've kept me in, by God.”

At sight of this I limp'd away,
Inform'd where to apply ;
Begging my countrymen may take
The hint as well as I.

† Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, Esq;

F I N I S.

